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HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Bennington looked about leisurely. It was just the kind of room he had always imagined; it was like the man who occupied it. Simplicity and taste abounded; the artist and the collector, the poet and the musician, were everywhere in evidence. He strolled over to the mantel and took down one of the pictures signed "Kate." He smiled. It was not an indulgent smile, nor the smile of a man who has stumbled upon another man's secret. The smile was rather exultant. He leaned against the mantel and studied the face in its varied expressions. He nodded approvingly. It was a lovely face; it was more than lovely—it was tender and strong. Presently he returned to his chair and sat down, the photograph still in his hand. And in this position Warrington found him.

"Ah, you sly dog!" he hailed, setting down the glasses and pouring out a liberal bumper. "So I've caught you? Well, you're not the only man who has been conquered by that very photograph." He had half a notion to go in and bring her out; but then, women are such finicky beings!

Bennington laid aside the photograph, a certain reverence in his action that in ordinary times would not have escaped Warrington's notice.

"What's this to be?" asked Bennington, lifting his glass and stirring the ice.

"Immer und immer as the German has it," Warrington replied.

"For ever and ever, then!"

And the two lightly touched glasses, with peculiar gravity which always accompanies such occasions.

"When a man drinks your health in bad whisky, look out for him; but this whisky is very good, Dick." Bennington set down his glass and wiped his lips. "It is very good, indeed."

"Well, how are things up in Herculaneum?" asked Warrington. "You know, or ought to know, that I get up there only once a year."

"Things are not very well. There's the devil to pay in politics, and some day I may have a jolly long strike on my hands," grimly. "But I shall know exactly what to do. That man McQuade owns about all the town now. He controls congressmen, state senators and assemblymen and the majority of the common council is his, body and soul. Only recently he gave the traction company a new right of way. Not a penny went into the city's purse. And you know these street railways; they never pay their taxes. A franchise for ninety-nine years; think of it!"

"Why don't you men wake up and oust McQuade? I'll tell you right here, Jack, you have no one to blame but yourself. Scoundrels like McQuade are always in the minority; but they remain in power simply because men like you think politics a dirty business and something for an honest man to keep out of. Run for mayor yourself, if you want clean politics. Rouse up an independent party."

"Do you know what they call me up there?" Bennington laughed.

"I confess to ignorance."

"Well, the newspapers say covertly that I'm all but a naturalized Englishman, a snob, when I'm only a recluse, a man who dresses every night for dinner, who dines instead of eats. There are some things it is impossible to understand, and one is the interest the newspapers take in the private affairs of men. If they jumped on me as a mill-owner, there might be some excuse, but they are always digging me on the private-citizen side. Every man in his own house, ought to be allowed to do as he pleases. They never bothered the governor any, when he was alive. I believe they were afraid of him."

"I can explain all that, my boy. Buy your clothes of the local tailors; get rid of your valet; forget that you have lived in England. They'll come around to you, then. You may talk as much as you like about the friendliness between the Englishman and the American. It is simply a case of two masters who are determined that their dogs shall be friendly. Let the masters drop out of sight for a moment, and you will find the dogs at each other's throat. And the masters? The dollar on this side and the sovereign on the other. There is a good deal of friendship these days that is based upon three and a half per cent. Get into politics, my boy."

"Bah! I'd look nice running for mayor, wouldn't I? The newspapers would howl calamity, and the demagogues would preach that I would soon impose English wages in the shops, and all that tommyrot. No, thank you; I'll take trouble as it comes, but I'm not looking for it."

"I see that I shall have to go back there and start the ball myself," said Warrington jesting.

"Why don't you? You are not a rank outsider. The people are proud of you."

"And always will be, so long as I have sense enough to remain here in New York," dryly. "But if I lived there——!"

"You are not always going to live in New York?"

"Not always."

"You've a beautiful old home up there."

"I bought that just to show the people I had the money," laughing. "They may never forget my cabbages, but they'll forgive them."

"Nevertheless, you ought to return."

"Listen," said Warrington, lifting his hand. They became silent, and presently the voice of the city came into the room. "I'm afraid I could not live away from that. How many times have I stopped work to listen to it! How many inspirations have I drawn from it! It is the siren's music, I know, but I am no longer afraid of the reefs. Perhaps I have become enamored with noise; it is quite possible."

"I have lived in London. I thought it was going to be hard to break away, but it wasn't."

They lighted cigars, and Bennington took up the photograph again.

"A lovely face," was his comment.

"With a heart and a mind even more lovely," supplemented Warrington. "She is one of the most brilliant women I have ever met, and what is more, humorous and good-humored. My word for it, she may have equals, but she has no superiors on this side of the ocean."

Bennington looked up sharply.

"Nothing serious?" he asked gently.

"Serious? No. We are capital friends, but nothing more. There's been too much comradeship to admit anything like sentimentality. Ah, boy, you should see her act!"

"I have. I saw her in London last season. She was playing your War of Women. She appeared to me enchanting. But about these actresses."

"I know, I know," interrupted Warrington. "Some of them are bad, but some of them are the noblest creatures God ever put on earth; and yonder is one of them. I remember. Often we were both in debt; plays went wrong; sometimes I helped her out, sometimes she returned the favor. We were more like two men. Without her help I shouldn't be where I am today. I always read the scenario of a play to her first; and often we've worked together half a night on one scene. I shall miss her."

"What! Is she going away?"

"After a fashion. She has retired from the stage."

"Do you believe she means it?" asked Bennington. "You know how changeable actresses' moods are."

"I think Miss Challoner will never act again. She has always been an enigma to the majority of the show people. Never any trumpets, jewelry, petty squabbles, lime-lights and silks; she never read criticisms, save those I sent her. Managers had to knock on her dressing room door. Oh, I do not say that she is an absolute paragon, but I do say that she is a good woman, of high ideals, loyal, generous, frank and honest. And I have often wonder why the devil I couldn't fall in love with her myself," moodily.

Bennington was silent for a moment. Finally he said: "How does it feel to be famous, to have plays produced simultaneously in New York and London?"

"After the first success there is never anything but hard work. A failure once in a while acts like a tonic. And sometimes we get an anonymous letter that refreshes us—a real admirer, who writes from the heart and doesn't fish for a letter or an autograph in return. I received one of these only a few days ago, and I want you to read it." Warrington produced the missive and tossed it into Bennington's hands. "Read that. It's worth while to get a letter like that one."

Bennington took up the letter, smiling at his friend's enthusiasm. A single glance at the graceful script, however, changed his expression. He sat back and stared at Warrington.

"What's the matter?"

Bennington did not answer, but settled down to his task, reading carefully and slowly. He did not look for any signature, for he knew there would be none. He returned the letter, his face sober, but his eyes dancing.

"Now, what the deuce do you see that is so amusing?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Don't tell me there isn't any romance in the world. But, hang it, Jack, I'm not worth a letter like that," earnestly.

"Of course not."

"I'm not jesting. I've sown wild oats, and God knows what the harvest will be. There's a law that exacts payment. Retribution is the only certain thing in this world."

"Oh, you're no worse than the average man. But the average man is jolly bad," Bennington added gravely. "But you, Dick; I'm not worrying about you. Perhaps the writer of that letter sees good in you that you can't see yourself; good that is in you but of which you are unconscious. One thing, you have never besmirched the talents God gave you. Everything you have done has been clean and wholesome—like yourself."

"I wish I could believe that! But I've had no ties, Jack, none. You can't keep to a course without a compass. The real good in life, the good that makes life worth while, is the toil for those you love. I love nobody, not even myself. But this girl rather woke me up. I began to look inward, as they say. So far I've not discovered much good. I'd give a good deal to meet this writer."

"Doubtless you will find her charming."

Suddenly Warrington turned upon his friend. "But what I want to know is, what brought you around here this time o' night? I never knew you to do anything without a definite purpose."

"That's precisely what I've been waiting for you to lead up to. The truth is—" Bennington hesitated. His hand, idly trailing over the desk, came into contact with something smooth and soft. It was a pair of white kid gloves, a woman's. Absently he drew them through his hand. He was only half conscious of his action, and he did not observe Warrington's sudden agitation. "The truth is, I've gone and done it. I'm going to be married in June, and I want you to be my best man."

Warrington's hand went out impulsively.

"Oh, I felt it in my bones when your card came in," he said, rearranging the glasses. "Lucky woman! Long life to you, Jack, and long happiness!"

"Thank you, Dick." (Ceremonial recurrence of drinking a health.)

"Now, out with it. Who is she, and all about her?"

"Dick, I'm genuinely sorry, but I'm still under bond of silence."

"More mysteries!" cried Warrington, with evident discontent.

"Only for a week, when, if you say, we'll have breakfast here in these very rooms."

"Done. Only I must say you're a bit hard on me tonight."

"I'm sorry."

"Let me see; I'll describe her for you. Beautiful."

"Yes."

"Accomplished."

"Very."

"A woman who will be both wife and comrade."

"Exactly."

"An American."

"In all things."

"You make me envious."

"Why don't you get married yourself?"

"Bah!" Warrington went to the window and looked down upon the street.

Bennington eyed his broad shoulders sympathetically. He looked down at the limp, smooth skins in his hand, and sat up stiffly. From the gloves to Warrington and back again to the impulse rather mechanical he raised the gloves to his nose. Quickly he dropped them on the desk, took up the photograph, rose and replaced it on the mantel. Hearing him, Warrington turned.

"No, Jack, I doubt if I shall ever be lucky enough to find the one woman. I've been so busy that I've never had time to hunt for happiness. And those who hunt for it never find it, and those who wait for it can not see it standing at their side."

Bennington wandered about, from object to object. Here he picked up a dagger, there a turquoise in the matrix, and again some inlaid wood from Sorrento. From these his interest traveled to and lingered over some celebrated autographs.

"Happiness is a peculiar thing," went on the dramatist. "It is far less distinctive than fame or fortune. They sometimes knock at your door, but happiness steals in without warning, and often leaves as mysteriously as it comes."

Bennington paused to examine a jade cigaret case, which he opened and closed aimlessly. And there were queer little Japanese ash trays that arrested his attention.

"Men like you and me, Jack, never marry unless we love. It is never a business transaction."

"It is love or nothing," said Bennington, turning his face toward Warrington. The smile he gave was kindly. "Yes, true happiness can be sought only in those we love. There is happiness even in loving some one who does not love you." Bennington repressed a sigh. "But, Dick, you'll be the best man?"

"Depend upon me. What do you say to this week for breakfast here?"

"That will be wholly agreeable to me."

Bennington's cigar had gone out. He leaned upon the desk and took his light from the chimney. Men who have traveled widely never waste matches.

"Can't you bunk here for the night? There's plenty of room," said Warrington.

"Impossible, Dick. I leave at midnight for home. I must be there tomorrow morning. I'm afraid of trouble in the shops. The unions are determined to push me to the limit of my patience."

"Why the deuce don't you get rid of the shops?"

"They're the handiwork of my father and I'm proud to follow his steps." Bennington's eyes were no longer at peace; they sparkled with defiance. "Half-past ten!" suddenly. "I must be going. My luggage is still at the hotel. God bless you, Dick!"

Their hands met once again.

"You know, Jack, that I love you best of all men."

"You are sure there is no woman?" Warrington laughed easily. "Ah, if there was a woman! I expect to be lonely some day."

Bennington put on his hat and gloves, and Warrington followed him into the hall. Once the prospective bridegroom paused, as if he had left something unsaid; but he seemed to think the better of silence, and went on.

"Tuesday morning, then?"

"Tuesday morning. Good night."

"Good night and luck attend you."

The door closed, and Warrington went slowly back to his desk, his mind filled with pleasant recollections of youth. He re-read the letter, studied it thoroughly, in hopes that there might be an anagram. There was nothing he could see, and he put it away, rather annoyed. He arranged the sheets and notes of the scenario, marshaled the scattered pencils, and was putting the glasses on the tray, when a sound in the doorway caused him to lift his head. One of the glasses tumbled over and rolled across the desk, leaving a trail of water which found its level among the ash-trays.

"It is quite evident that you forgot me," said the woman, a faint mirthless smile stirring her lips. "It was very close in there, and I could hear nothing." She placed a hand on her forehead, swayed, and closed her eyes for a second.

"You are faint!" he cried, springing toward her.

"It is nothing," she replied, with a repelling gesture. "John Bennington, was it not?"

"Yes." His eyes grew round with wonder.

"I was going to keep it secret as long as I could, but I see it is useless. He is the man I have promised to marry." Her voice had a singular quietness.

Warrington retreated to his desk, leaning heavily against it.

"Bennington? You are going to marry John Bennington?" dully.

"Yes."

He sat down abruptly and stared at her with the expression of one who is suddenly confronted by some Medusa's head, as if in the straggling wisps of hair that escaped from beneath her hat he saw the writhing serpents. She was going to marry John Bennington.

She stepped quickly up to the desk and began to scatter things about. Her hands shook, she breathed rapidly, her delicate nostrils dilating the while.

"Look out!" he warned, at her side the same instant. "Your hat is burning!" He smothered the incipient flame between his palms.

"Never mind the hat. My gloves, Dick, my gloves! I left them here on the desk."

"Your gloves?" Then immediately he recollected that he had seen them in Bennington's hands, but he was positive that the gloves meant nothing to Bennington. He had picked them up just as he would have picked up a paper-cutter, a pencil, a match-box, if any of these had been within reach of his nervous fingers. Most men who are, at times, mentally embarrassed find relief in touching small inanimate objects. So he said reassuringly: "Don't let a pair of gloves worry you, girl."

"He bought them for me this morning," a break in her voice. "I must find them!"

The situation assumed altogether a different angle. There was a hint of tragedy in her eyes. More trivial things than a forgotten pair of gloves have brought about death and division. Together they renewed the search. They sifted the manuscripts, the books, the magazines, burrowed into the drawers, and sometimes their hands touched, but they neither noticed nor felt the contact. Warrington even dropped to his knees and hunted under the desk, all the while "Jack Bennington, Jack Bennington!" drumming in his ears. The search was useless. The gloves were nowhere to be found. He stood up irresolute, dismayed and anxious, keenly alive to her misery and to the inferences his best friend might draw. The desk stood between them, but their faces were within two spans of the hand.

"I can't find them."

"They are gone!" she whispered.

(To Be Continued.)

Charlie Is Rather a Lively Young Citizen

PRESIDENT'S SON CAPSIZED WHILE SAILING HIS DORY

Beverly, Mass., August 21.—Charley Taft, who supplies two-thirds of the excitement in the President's family, was overturned in his dory off Salem yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by a non-commissioned officer of the Sylph, according to orders previously issued by his father, who feared an accident. The dory was one which "Dick" Hammond, son of John Hays Hammond, gave Charley after the President had refused to "O. K." a scheme for raising money to buy one. Charley was sailing merrily when, in making a turn, the little boat capsized, throwing the two occupants into ocean. The accident was seen from the Sylph and a launch was dispatched to pick up the two mariners.

When Charley reached the dock at Burgess Point he was very wet and not prepared to meet his parent. He made a wide detour and approached the rear door stealthily, but the news reached his mother before he had exchanged his wet clothes for dry ones, and she told the President. Neither singly nor in combination with the smash which he engineered in an electric runabout has the accident operated to keep Charley subdued.

To expose a family secret, Charley is a problem.

The President has taken the question of further trips in the dory under advisement. Charley believes that to return to a plain old bicycle would be pretty hard after having captained the dory Bandit and sat at the steering wheel of a shining new electric runabout.

The upper picture shows young Charlie Taft, son of the President, in his boat at Beverly. The lower pictures show the President at his desk at the "Summer Capital," dictating a letter to Secretary Carpenter.

A Maiden's Way.

A nifty dress, a roguish smile,
That's a maiden's way;
A bit flirtatious all the while.
That's a maiden's way;
Perhaps a new beau every night,
Or fancy bonnets out of sight,
Perhaps ten suitors in a plight—
That's a maiden's way.

A laugh that's filled with witching grace,
That's a maiden's way;
Or else a shy look on her face,
That's a maiden's way;
A simple word that makes men try
To scale the mountain, salt the sky,
Or stick a dragon in the eye.
That's a maiden's way.

A word of sympathy and love,
That's a maiden's way;
When skies are darkened up above,
That's a maiden's way.
A trust more true than heaven's bliss,
Companionship when fate's amiss,
A cheering word—a single kiss
That's a maiden's way.

—St. Louis Star.

Empire Founded on Irrigation.

London "Saturday Record."

Rivers are always the wet nurses of the earliest civilizations, and in this respect the Tigris and Euphrates are rivals of the Nile, for Babylonia, like Egypt, was a river's "gift." The Mesopotamian Valley is intersected, gridiron fashion, by hugh canals—not dug out, but built upon the earth's surface, crossing the plain from river to river and seeming to the traveler like ranges behind ranges of curiously regular hills. From these, lesser canals branched in all directions and gave birth in turn to others still smaller, until at last the final threads carried the life-giving water to every grove and garden and individual palm. A system of irrigation so mechanically perfect and on so vast a scale was never elsewhere seen. All the wealth and splendor and power of the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian empires were founded upon this system. They issued from and were dependent upon it. The prosperity of the country hung its existence as a Sahara oasis hangs upon its well. A harm done to the irrigation system was felt through all the civilization it nourished.

It was so the Mesopotamian civilization died. The complicated irrigation works which watered the country required for their upkeep the superintending care of multitudes of trained laborers and expert engineers. Only knowledge and skill and large resources could deal with and maintain the immense canals and sluices and dams and locks which distributed the river water over the land and which composed a machinery of water works, not metal works. The hand of a steady and strong government was needed to wind that machinery up and keep it going, and there came a time when that hand was withdrawn.

He Quits Country for Dog.

Detroit Dispatch to New York World.

Arraigned for allowing his dog to run at large on the streets without an official tag on his collar, John Barkowski said: "I'll take him over to Windsor and go there and live with him." He said he was opposed to buying a brass sign to hang on his neck.

STRANGE MICHIGAN ISLAND

Rises From Lake Orion Every Summer and Sinks Every Winter.

Detroit News-Tribune.

One of the deepest mysteries to be found in this part of the state is the island that every summer comes to the surface of Lake Orion over beyond Park Island, and every winter goes back again to the depths from whence it arose.

Its periods of appearance and disappearance are nearly regular. It comes to the surface along about the middle of August and goes down again about February 15. What causes it to act thus strangely is a conundrum that none has been able to solve, and the best efforts that have been put forth to keep it with us or compel it to remain in the depths have been alike without results.

On one occasion a number of farmers and teamsters resolved to put the island out of the floating business. In their efforts to do so they hauled many loads of stone and deposited them on it during the early part of the winter, believing that when it went down in February it would go down for good, weighted as it was with the stones. But the following August saw it bob up serenely from below—minus its load of stones.

At another time an effort was made to keep it on the surface and it was chained to the surrounding country with heavy log chains. When its time for departure came it departed—and the log chains departed with it. The log chains were never recovered.

The island is composed of soft mud and rushes, and there are some sceptical souls who attribute its formation and appearance and disappearance to the gathering of vegetation in one spot by the currents of the lake and its subsequent decay.

BENEFITS OF RURAL DELIVERY BEYOND COMPUTATION

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General De Graw, who is in Toledo attending the twelfth annual convention of the postmasters of the United States, is an enthusiast on the subject of rural free delivery to farmers. He says that the material and social benefits that have accrued to the agriculturists by the introduction of the rural delivery mail system are almost beyond computation.

The inconceivably enormous sum represented by but one of the elements comprising the material benefits conferrd by rural dlivery may be conjectured, he says, from the computation contained in a statement submitted to the postoffice department by J. H. McClintock, postmaster at Phoenix, Arizona.

"There are four rural routes out of Phoenix," continued Mr. De Graw. "These traverse the rich Salt river valley of Arizona, and Mr. McClintock says that at a valuation of $4 a day for a farmer's time and team, the time consumed by a farmer coming to town once a week for his mail and using half a day for that purpose, and spending each trip 25 cents for cigars and other trifles, represents a loss of $2.25 each trip, or an annual loss of $117. Upon this basis Postmaster McClintock considers that there is an annual saving of $100,730. to the 870 farmers who are served by rural delivery from his office.

Conservative Average.

"I believe that Postmaster McClintock's estimate represents a conservative average saving to each head of family served by rural delivery, and that if applied to the 4,000,000 heads of families now being served in the United States would represent an annual saving to them of $468,000,000.

"It is shown by reports which have been received at the postoffice department that since the introduction of rural delivery the value of farms on rural routes has increased in some instances as much as 45 per cent, and that the average increase in such farm values has been 25 per cent.

"A good portion of this increased value is directly attributable to rural delivery, and represents another enormous sum of money. Furthermore, by reason that patrons of rural delivery now receive daily market reports, and newspapers advertising bargains in commodities, they are enabled to get the highest market prices for their farm products and pay the lowest prices for the necessities which they require. The gain and saving thus effected must be large, and the total amount of the money value of the material benefits conferred on patrons of rural delivery embraces an amount of such vast proportions as to be wholly beyond comprehension.

Boosts Realty Values.

"A member of the house of representatives who has made a study of the benefits derived by farmers through the agency of rural delivery has submitted figures which show that in his opinion the increase in realty values due to the service aggregates at least $750,000,000.

"It has often been stated that the expense incident to rural delivery has been the cause of deficiencies from time to time in the postal revenues. The records of the department, however, do not confirm these conclusions. "In 1897, when the expenditure on account of rural delivery was only $14,840, the postal deficit was $11,411,779, while 10 years later, in 1907, when the expenditure for rural delivery had increased to approximately $26,755,524, the postal deficit was but $6,653,282."

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Limit.

If there was one man more sorry than another that the Morristown rising had been nipped in the bud, it was Luke Asgill. He had honestly tried to turn James McMurrough from the attempt, though he had seen that the failure of the plot would provide his one best chance of winning Flavia. A score of times he had pictured, with rapture, the inevitable collapse. In vision he had seen the girl turn to him in the wreck of things—it might be to save her brother's life, it might be to save her tender feet from the stones of foreign streets. And in the same dream he had seen himself standing by her, alone against the world, as, to do him justice, he would have stood, no matter how sharp the stress or great the cost.

Keen, therefore, was his chagrin when, through the underground channels which were in his power, he heard two days after the event, and in distant Tralee, what had happened. In a moment not only was the opportunity to which he looked forward vanished below the horizon, but news still less welcome was whispered in his ear. The man whom he had distrusted from the first had done this. More, the man was still at Morristown, if not honored, protected, and if not openly triumphant, master in fact.

Luke Asgill swore horribly. Colonel Sullivan had got the better of him once, but he was not to be duped again. He examined the matter on many sides before he took horse to see things with his own eyes. Nor did he alight at Morristown before he had made many a resolution to be on his guard.

He had reason to call these to mind before his foot was well out of the stirrup, for the first person he saw after he had bidden his groom take the horses to the stable was Colonel Sullivan. Asgill had time to scan his face before they met in the courtyard, and he judged that Colonel John's triumph did not go very deep. He was looking graver, sadder, older, finally—this he saw as they saluted one another—sterner.

Asgill stepped aside courteously, meaning to go by him. But the Colonel stepped aside also, and so barred his way. "Mr. Asgill," he said—and there was something of the martinet in his tone—"I will trouble you to give me a word apart."

"A word apart?" Asgill answered. He was taken aback, and do what he could the Colonel's grave eyes discomposed him. "With all the pleasure in the world, Colonel. But a little later, by your leave."

"I think now were more convenient sir," the Colonel answered, "by your leave."

"I will lay my cloak in the house, and then—"

"It will be more convenient to keep your cloak, I'm thinking," the Colonel rejoined with dryness. And either because of the meaning in his voice or the command in his eyes, Asgill gave way, and the two walked gravely and step for step through the gateway.

Outside the Colonel beckoned to a ragged urchin who was playing ducks and drakes with his naked toes. "Go after Mr. Asgill's horses," he said, "and bid the man bring them back."

"Colonel Sullivan!"

The Colonel did not heed his remonstrance. "And follow us!" he continued. "Are you hearing, boy? Go then."

"Colonel Sullivan," Asgill repeated, his face, both darker and paler—for there could be no doubt as to the other's meaning—"I'm thinking this is a strange liberty you're taking. And I beg to say I don't understand the meaning of it."

"You wish to know the meaning?"

"I do."

"It means, sir," Colonel John replied, "that the sooner you start on your return journey the better."

Asgill stared. "The better you will be pleased, you mean!" he said. And he laughed harshly.

"The better it will be for you, I mean," Colonel John answered.

Asgill flushed darkly, but he commanded himself.

"This is an odd tone," he said. "I must ask you to explain yourself further. I am here upon the invitation of my friend, The McMurrough—"

"This is not his house."

Asgill started. "Do you mean—"

"I mean what I say," the Colonel answered. "This is not his house, as you well know."

"But—"

"It is mine, and I do not propose to entertain you, Mr. Asgill," Colonel John continued. "Is that sufficiently plain?"

The glove was down. The two men looked at each other. Asgill was at a disadvantage. He did not know precisely how things stood. Yet if the tall, lean man, serious and growing gray, represented one form of strength, the shorter, stouter man, with the mobile face and the quick brain, stood for another. Offhand he could think of no weak spot on his side; and if he must fight, he would fight.

He forced a laugh.

"More plain than hospitable, Colonel," he said. "Perhaps, after all, it will be best so, and we shall understand one another."

"I am thinking so," Colonel Sullivan answered. It was plain that he did not mean to be drawn from the position he had taken up.

"Only I think that you have overlooked this," Asgill continued smoothly. "It is one thing to own a house and another to kick the logs on the hearth; one thing to have the deeds of another—in the west—to pass the punch bowl! More, by token, it is a hospitable country this, Colonel, and if there is one thing would annoy The McMurrough and the young lady, his sister, more than another it would be to turn a guest from the door—that is thought to be theirs!"

"You mean that you will not take my bidding?" the Colonel said.

"Not the least taste in life," Asgill answered gayly, "unless it is backed by the gentleman or the lady."

"Yet I believe, sir, that I have a means to persuade you," Colonel John replied. "It is no more than a week ago, Mr. Asgill, since a number of persons in my presence assumed a badge so notoriously treasonable that a child could not doubt its meaning."

"In the west of Ireland," Asgill said with a twinkle in his eye, "that is a trifle, my dear sir, not worth mening."

"But if reported in the east?"

Asgill averted his face that its smile might not be seen. "Well," he said, "it might be a serious matter there."

"I think you take me now," Colonel John rejoined. "I wish to make no threats. The least said the soonest mended."

Asgill looked at him with the amusement of a man watching the transparent scheming of a child. "As you say, the least said the soonest mended," he rejoined. "So—who is to report it in the east?"

"I will, if necessary."

"If—"

"If you push me to it."

Asgill raised his eyebrows impertinently. "An informer?" he said.

Colonel John did not flinch. "If necessary," he repeated.

"That would be serious," Asgill rejoined, "for many people. In the first place, for the young lady, your ward, Colonel. Then for your kinsman—and Mr. Ulick Sullivan. After that for quite a number of honest gentlemen whose only fault is a tendency to heroics after dinner. It would be so serious, and for so many, Colonel, that for my part I should be glad to suffer in such good company. Particularly," he continued, with a droll look, the droller for his appreciation of the Colonel's face of discomfiture, "as being a Protestant and a justice, I should, ten to one, be the only person against whom the story would not pass. So that, ten to one, I should go free and the others go to Geordie's prison."

Colonel John was fairly defeated, his flank turned, his guns captured. He had counted so surely on the man whom he knew to be a knave proving also a coward that even his anger could not hide his discomfiture. He looked, indeed, so rueful, and at the same time so wrathful, that Asgill laughed aloud.

"Come, Colonel," he said, "it is no use to scowl at me. We know you never call any one out. Let me just hint that wits in Ireland are not quite so slow as in colder countries, and that had I been here a week back you had not found it so easy to——"

"To what, sir?"

"To send two old women to sea in a cockboat," Asgill replied. And he laughed anew and loudly. But this time there was no gayety in his laugh. If the Colonel had not performed the feat in question, in how different a state things might have been at this moment! Asgill felt murderous toward him as he thought of that and the weapon of the flesh being out of the question—for he had no mind to face the Colonel's small sword—he sought about for an arm of another kind. "More by token," he continued, "if you are going to turn informer, it was a pity you did not send the young woman to sea with the old ones. But I'm thinking you'd not be liking to be without her, Colonel."

Colonel John turned surprisingly red. "We will leave her out of the question, sir," he said, haughtily. "Or—that reminds me," he continued, with increasing sternness. "You question my right to bid you begone——"

"I do!" Asgill cried, with zest. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"But you forget, I think, another little matter in the past that is known to me—and that you would not like disclosed, I believe, sir."

"You seem to have been raking things up, Colonel."

"One must deal with a rogue according to his roguery," Colonel John retorted.

Asgill's face grew dark. He made a movement, but restrained himself. "You don't mince matters," he said.

"I do not."

"You may be finding it an unfortunate policy before long," Asgill said between his teeth. He was moved at last, angered, perhaps apprehensive of what was coming.

"Maybe, sir," Colonel John returned; "maybe. But in the meantime let me remind you that your tricks as a horse dealer would not go far to recommend you as a guest to my kinswoman."

"Oh!"

"Who shall assuredly hear who seized her mare if you persist in forcing your company upon her."

"Upon her?" Asgill repeated, in a peculiar tone. "I see."

Colonel John reddened. "You know how," he said. "And if you persist—"

"You will tell her," Asgill took him up, "that I—shall I say—abducted her mare?"

"I shall tell her without hesitation."

"Or scruple?"

Colonel Sullivan glowered at him, but did not answer.

Asgill laughed a laugh of honest contempt. "And she," he said, "will not believe you if you swear it a score of times! Try, sir! You will injure yourself, you will not injure me. Why, man," he continued, in a tone of unmeasured scorn, "you are duller than I thought you were! The ice is still in your wits and the fog in your brain. I thought when I heard what you had done, that you were the man for Kerry! But——"

"What is it? What's this?"

The speaker was James McMurrough. He had approached unnoticed, and his churlish tone showed that what he had overheard was not to his liking. But Asgill supposed that James' ill humor was directed against his enemy, and he appealed to him.

"What is it?" he answered, with energy; "I'll tell you!"

"Then you'll be telling me indoors!"

"No!" said Colonel Sullivan.

But at that the young man exploded. "No?" he cried. "No? And why no? Confusion, sir, it's too far you are driving us," he continued, pas-

TO HOLD EXAMINATION FOR FORESTRY SERVICE

An examination to fill vacancies in the ranger force on 149 national forests in 21 states and territories, including Alaska, will be held October 25 and 26. From this examination it is expected that 500 appointments will be made.

This examination will be held at each forest supervisor's headquarters in the national forest states and territories, including Arkansas, Minnesota, Michigan and Florida, which are the most easterly states having national forests.

While the examination is entirely along practical lines, and knowledge of field conditions rather than book learning is considered essential, the opportunities for those applicants with educational advantages are considerably increased. The rapid development of the national forests is making continually increasing demands upon those engaged in their management and men with ability to assume responsibility and serve in supervisory capacities are in demand. These more responsible positions on national forests are filled by promotion from lower grades, so that anyone entering as a ranger is eligible for promotion to any of the more responsible and higher paid places, including that of forest supervisor.

Only those men who are at least 21 years of age, not more than 40, of good character, temperate, and in good physical condition, are eligible to take this examination. The salary paid to beginners is $900 a year.

Applicants can secure information concerning the examination from the United States civil service commission, Washington, D. C.; district foresters at Missoula, Mont.; Denver, Col.; Albuquerque, N. M.; Ogden, Utah; San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Ore., or forest supervisors.

sionately. "Is it at your bidding I must stand in a mob of beggars at my own gate—I, The McMurrough? And be telling and taking for all the gossoons in the country to hear? No! But it's yes, I say! There's bounds to it all, and if you must be falling to words with my friends, quarrel like gentlemen within doors, and not in a parcel of loons at the gate."

He turned without waiting for a reply, and strode into the courtyard. Colonel John hesitated a moment, then he stood aside and, with a stern face, he invited Asgill to precede him. The justice did so, smiling. He had won the first bout, and now, if he was not much mistaken, his opponent had made a false move.

That opponent, following with a sombre face, began to be of the same opinion. In his simplicity he had supposed that it would be easy to bell the cat. But the cat had teeth, and claws, and the cunning of the cat, and was not, it now appeared, an animal easy to bell.

They passed into the house. There were two or three buckeens in the hall, and Darby and one of the down-at-heel serving boys were laying the evening meal. "You'll be getting out," James said curtly.

"We will," replied one of the men. And they trooped out at the back.

"Now, what is it?" The McMurrough asked, turning on his followers and speaking in a tone hardly more civil.

"It's what you're saying—Get out!" Asgill answered, smiling. "Only it's the Colonel here's for saying it, and it seems I'm the one to get out."

"What do you mean?" James growled. "Sorra bit of your fun am I wishing at this present!" He wanted no trouble, and he saw that here was trouble.

"I can tell you in a few words," Colonel Sullivan answered. "You know on what terms we are here. I wish to do nothing uncivil, and I was looking for this gentleman to take a hint and go quietly. He will not, it seems, and so I must say plainly what I mean. I object to his presence here."

James stared. He did not understand. "Why, man, he's no Jacobite!" he cried. His surprise was genuine.

"I will say nothing as to that," Colonel John answered, precisely.

"Then, faith, what are you saying?" James asked. Asgill stood by, smiling, aware that silence would best fight his battle.

"This," Colonel John returned. "That I know these things of him that make him unfit company here."

"The deuce you do!"

"And—"

But James' patience was at an end. "Unfit company for whom?" he cried. "Eh! Is it Darby he'll be spoiling? Or Thaddy the lad? Or"—resentment gradually overcoming irony—"is it Phelim or Morty he'll be tainting the souls of, and he a Protestant, like yourself? Colonel Sullivan, it's clean out of patience you put me! Are we boys at school, to be scolded and flouted and put right by you? Unfit company? For whom? For whom, sir?"

"For your sister," Colonel John replied. "Without saying more, Mr. Asgill is not of the class with whom your grandfather—"

"My grandfather be hanged!" cried the angry young man. "You said you'd be master here, and faith," he continued with bitterness, "it's master you mean to be. But there's a limit! By heaven, there's a limit—"

"Yes, James, there is a limit!" a voice struck in—a voice as angry as The McMurrough's, but vibrating to a purer note of passion; so that the indignation which it expressed seemed to raise the opposition to Colonel John's action to a higher plane. "There is a limit, Colonel Sullivan!" Flavia repeated, stepping from the foot of the stairs on the upper flight of which, drawn from her room by the first outburst, she had heard the whole. "And it has been reached! When the head of The McMurroughs of Morristown is told on his own hearth whom he shall receive and whom he shall put to the door! Limit, is it? Let me tell you, sir, I would rather be the poorest exile than live thus. I would rather beg my bread barefoot among strangers, never to see the sod again, never to hear the friendly Irish tongue, never to smell the peet reek, than live on this tenure, at the mercy of a hand I loathe, on the sufferance of a man I despise, of an informer, a traitor, ay, an apostate—"

"Flavia! Flavia!" Colonel John's remonstrance was full of pain.

"Ah, don't call me that!" she rejoined passionately. "Don't make me hate my own name! Better a hundred times an open foe—"

"Have I ever been anything but an open foe?" he returned.

She swept the remonstrance by. "Better," she cried vehemently, "far better a fate we know, a lot we understand; far better, freedom and poverty, than to live thus—yesterday a laughing stock, today false to our friends! Oh, there must be an end! There—"

She choked on the word, and her distress moved Asgill to do a strange thing. He had listened to her with an admiration that for the time purified the man. Now he stepped forward. "I would rather never cross this threshold again," he cried; "never, ay, believe me, I would rather never see you again than give you this pain! I go, dear lady, I go! And do not let one thought of me trouble or distress you! Let this gentleman have his way. I do not ask to understand how he holds you, but I shall be silent."

He seemed to the onlookers as much raised above himself as Colonel John seemed depressed below himself. There could be no doubt with whom the victory lay; with whom the magnanimity.

But as Asgill turned on his heel Flavia found her voice. "Do not go!" she cried. "There must be an end of this!"

But Asgill insisted. He saw that to go was to commend himself to her a hundred times more seriously than if he stayed. "No," he said; "permit me to go." He stepped forward, and, with a grace borrowed for the occasion, and with lips that trembled at his daring, he raised and kissed her hand. "Permit me to go, dear lady. I would rather banish myself a hundred times than bring ill into this house or differences into this family."

"Flavia!" Colonel Sullivan said, finding his voice at last, "hear first, I am begging you, what I have to say! Hear it, since, against my will, the matter has been brought to your knowledge."

"That last I can believe!" she cried, spitefully. "But for hearing, I choose the part this gentleman has chosen—to go from your presence. What?" looking at the colonel with white cheeks and flaming eyes, "has it come to this? That we must seek your leave to live, to breathe, to have a guest, to eat and sleep, and perhaps to die? Then I say—then I say, if this be so, we have no choice but to go. This is no place for us!"

"Flavia!"

"Oh, do not call me that!" she retorted. "My hope, joy, honor, are in this house, and you have disgraced it! My brother is a McMurrough, and what have you made of him? He cowers before your eye! He has no will but yours! You flog us like children, but you forget that we are grown and that it is more than the body that smarts. It is a shame we feel—shame so bitter that if a look could lay you dead at my feet, though it cost us all, though it left us beggared, I would look it joyfully—were I alone! But you, a schemer, living on our impotence, walk on and trample upon us—"

"Enough!" Colonel Sullivan cried, intolerable pain in his voice. "You win! You have a heart harder than the millstone, more set than ice! I call you to witness I have struggled hard—"

"For the mastery," she cried venomously. "And for your master, the devil!"

"No," he replied, more quietly, "I think for God. If I was wrong, may He forgive me!"

"I never will," she protested.

"I shall not ask your forgiveness," he retorted. He looked at her silently, and then, in an altered tone, "the more," he said, "as my mind is changed again. A minute ago I was weak; now I am strong, and I will do my duty as I have set myself to do it. When I came here I came to be a peacemaker. I came to save the great from his folly, and the poor from his ignorance, to shield the house of my fathers from ruin and my kin from the jail and the gibbet. And I stand here still, and I shall persist—I shall persist."

"You will?" she exclaimed.

"I shall! I shall remain and persist."

Passion choked her. She could not find words. After all she had said he would persist. He would still trample upon them, still be master. They were to have no life, no will, no freedom—while he lived. Ah, while he lived. She made an odd gesture with her hands, and turned and went up the stairs. The worse for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Counterplot.

Luke Asgill rode slowly from the gates. The McMurrough walked by his stirrup, talking rapidly—he, too, with furtive backward glances. In five mnutes he had explained the situation and the colonel's vantage ground. At the end of those minutes, "I see," Asgill said, thoughtfully. "Easy to put him under the sod! But you're thinking him worse dead than alive."

"Sorra a doubt of it!"

"Yet the bogs are deep," Asgill returned, his tone smacking faintly of raillery. "You might deal with him first and his heirs when the time came. Why not?"

"God knows," James answered. "And I've no taste to make the trial." Then he spoke of the will.

Asgill looked for some moments between his horse's ears, flicking his foot the while with his switch. When he spoke he proved in three or four sentences that if his will was the stronger, his cunning was also the more subtle.

"A will is revocable," he said. "Eh?" "It is."

"And the man that's made one may make another?"

"Who's doubting it?"

"But you're doubting," Asgill rejoined—and he laughed as he spoke—"that it would not be in your favor, my lad."

"Never a bit do I doubt it," James said.

"No, but in a minute you will," Asgill answered. And, stooping from his saddle he talked for some minutes in a low tone. When he raised his head again he clapped The McMurrough on the shoulder. "There!" he said. "Now won't that be doing the talk for you?"

"It might be done," James answered, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. "It is clever. The old devil himself couldn't be beating it by the length of his hoof. But—"

"What's amiss with it"

"A will's revocable," James said, with a cunning look. "And what he can do once he can do twice."

"Sorrow a doubt of that, too, if you're innocent enough to let him make one! But you're not, my lad. No; the will first and then—" Luke Asgill did not finish the sentence, but he grinned. "Anything else amiss with it?" he asked.

"No; but the devil a bit do I see why you bring Flavvy into it."

"Don't you?"

"I do not."

Asgill drew rein and by a gesture bade his groom ride on. "No?" he said. "Well, I'll be telling you. He's an obstinate dog; faith, as obstinate a dog as ever walked on two legs! And left to himself he'd, maybe, take more time and trouble to come to where we want him than we can spare. But I'm thinking, James McMurrough, that he's sweet on your sister."

The McMurrough stared. "It's jesting you are?" he said.

"It's the last thing I'd jest about," Asgill answered sombrely. "It is so; whether she knows it or not, I know it. And so d'ye see if she's in this, 'twill do more—take my word for it that know—to break him down and draw the heart out of him, so that he'll care little one way or the other, than anything you can do yourself."

James McMurrough's face reflected his admiration. "If you're in the right," he said, "I'll say it for you, Asgill, you're the match of the old one, for cleverness. But do you think she'll come to it, the jewel?"

"She will."

James shook his head. "I'm not thinking it," he said.

"Are you not?" Asgill answered, and his face fell and his voice was anxious. "And why?"

"Sure and why? I'll tell you. It was but a day or two ago I'd a plan of my own. It was just to swear the plot upon him; swear he'd come off the Spanish ship, and the rest, d'ye see, and get him clapped in Tralee jail in my place. More, by token, I was coming to you to help in it. But I thought I'd need the girl to swear to it, and when I up and told her she was like a hen you'd take the chickens from!"

Asgill was silent for a moment. Then. "You asked her to do that?" he said, in an odd tone.

"Just so."

"And you're wondering she didn't do it?"

"I am."

"And I'm thankful she'd not be doing it!" Asgill retorted.

"Oh!" James exclaimed. "You're mighty particular all in a minute, Mr. Asgill. But if not that, why this. Eh? Why this?"

"For a reason that you'd not be understanding," Asgill answered, coolly. "But I know it myself in my bones. She'll do this if she's handled. But there's a man that'll not be doing it at all, at all, and that's Ulick Sullivan. You'll have to be rid of him for a time, and how I'm not saying."

"I'll be planning that."

"And still there's a thing you must be planning, my lad. It's only to a Protestant he can leave it, and you must have one ready. Now, if I—"

"No!" James cried with sudden energy. And he drew back a step and looked the other in the face. "No, Mr. Asgill," he continued; "if it's to that you've been working, I'd as soon him as you! Ay, I would! I'd sooner turn myself!"

"I can believe that."

"A hundred times sooner!" James repeated. "And what for not? What's to prevent me? Eh? What's to prevent me?"

"Your sister," Asgill answered.

James' face, which had flamed with passion, lost its color.

"Your sister," Asgill repeated with gusto. "I'd like fine to see you asking her to help you turn Protestant! Faith, and, for a mere word of that same, I'll warrant she'd treat you as the old gentleman treated you!"

"Anyway, I'll not trust you," James replied, with venom. "Sooner than that I'll have—ay, that will do finely—I'll have Constantine Hussey, of Duppa. He's holder for three or four already, and the whole country calls him honest! I'll have him and be safe."

"You'll do as you please about that," Asgill answered equably. "Only, mind you, I don't use my wits for nothing. If the estate's to be yours, Flavia's to be mine—if she's willing."

"Willing or unwilling, for what I care!" James answered brutally.

Asgill did not hide his scorn. "An excellent brother!" he said. "And so, good day to you."

The McMurrough watched the rider go, and twice he shook his fist after him.

"Marry my sister, you dog," he muttered. "Ay, if it will give me my place again! But for helping you to the land first and to her afterward, as you'd have me, you schemer, you bogtrotter, it would make Tophet's dog sick! You son of an upstart! You'd marry my sister, would you? It will be odd if I don't jink you yet, when I've made my use of you! I'm a schemer, too, Mister Asgill, only—one at a time. The colonel first, and you afterward, brother-in-law."

With a last gesture of defiance he returned to the house.

It was two or three days after this interview that Colonel Sullivan, descending at the breakfast hour, found Flavia in the room. He saw her with surprise, for during those three days the girl had not sat at meals with him. Once or twice his entrance had surprised her, but it had been the signal for her departure; and he had seen no more of her than the back of her head or the tail of her gown. More often he had found the men alone and had sat down with them. Far from resenting this avoidance he had found it proper. He suffered it patiently, and hoped that by steering a steady course he would gradually force her to change her opinion of him.

That she was already beginning to change he could scarcely hope; yet, when he saw on this morning that she meant to abide his coming, he was secretly and absurdly elated.

She was at the window, but turned on hearing his step. "I am wishing to speak to you," she said. But her unforgiving eyes looked out of a hard-cut face, and her figure was stiff as a sergeant's cane.

After that he did not try to compass a commonplace greeting. He bowed gravely. "I am ready to listen," he answered.

"I am wanting to give you a warning," she said. "Your man Bale does not share the immunity which you have secured, and if you'll be taking my advice you will send him away. My uncle is riding as far as Mallow; he will be absent ten days. If you think fit, you will allow your man to go with him. The interval may"—she halted as if in search of a word, but her eyes did not leave his—"I do not say it will, but it may mend matters."

"I am obliged to you," he answered. Then he was silent, reflecting.

"You are not wishing," she said, with a touch of contempt, "to expose the man to a risk you do not run yourself?"

"Heaven forbid," he answered. "But—"

"If you think he is a protection to you," she continued in the same tone, "do not send him."

"He is not that," he replied, unmoved by her taunt. "But I am alone, and he is a comfort to me."

"As you please," she answered.

"Nevertheless he shall go," he continued. "It may be for the best." He was thinking that if he rejected this overture, she might make no other.

"In any case," he added, "I thank you."

She did not deign to answer, but turned and went out. On the threshold she met a serving boy and she paused so that the colonel caught a momentary glimpse of her face. It wore a strange look, of disgust or of horror—he was not sure which—that appalled him; so that when the door closed upon her, he remained gazing at it. Had he misread the look? Or—what was its meaning? Could it be that she hated him to that degree! He was in a brown study when Uncle Ulick came in and confirmed the story of his journey.

"You had better come with me," he said. "I shall lie at Tralee one night, and at Ross Castle one night, and at Mallow the third."

But Colonel John had set his course and was resolved to abide by it. After breakfast he saw Bale, and the man consented to go—with forebodings at which his master affected to smile.

"None the less I misdoubt them," the man said, sticking to his point. "I mistrust them, your honor. They were never so careful for me," he added grimly, "when they were for piking me in the bog!"

"The young lady had naught to do with that," Colonel John replied.

"The deuce take me if I know!"

"Nonsense, man!" the colonel said sharply. "I'll not hear such words."

"But why separate us, your honor?" Bale pleaded. "Not for good, I swear. No, not for good!"

"For your greater safety, I hope."

"Oh, ay, I understand that! But what of your honor's?"

"I have explained to you," the colonel said patiently, "why I am safe here."

"For my part, and that's flat, I hate their blarney!" the ma burst out. "It's everything to please you, while they sharpen the pike to stick in your back."

"Hush!" Colonel John cried sternly. "And, for my sake, keep your tongue between your teeth. Be more prudent, man!"

"It's my belief I'll never see your honor again!" the man cried with passion. "That's my belief and you'll not stir it."

"We've parted before in worse hap," Colonel John answered, "and come together again. We'll do the same this time."

The man did not answer, but for the rest of the day he clung to his master like a burr, and it was with an unusual sinking of the heart that Colonel John saw him ride away on the morrow. With him went Uncle Ulick, the colonel's other friend in the house, and certainly the departure of these two seemed unlucky. But the man who was like a hen you'd take the chickens from!"

Asgill was silent for a moment. Then. "You asked her to do that?" he said, in an odd tone.

"Just so."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

PROGRAM OF THE NEW ORDER

International Sunday School Lesson for August 29 Is "Paul on Christian Love." I Corinthians 13: 1-13.

By William T. Ellis.

The widespread social unrest is one of the portentous signs of the present time. It affects not merely America and Europe, but even the older nations of the Orient. So marked has become the feeling of popular restiveness in the United States that even the far secluded United States Senate has felt it. Along with this social unrest, has gone an increase of popular power in government which assures to the reformer an increased measure of expression. There are undoubtedly serious changes impending in the social order. To that truth no careful student of the times can be blind.

But how are these changes to come, and what will be their nature? Here arise perplexities. Will the new order be some one of the multiform phases of Socialism? Is a new governmental scheme to remedy all the ills of the day, and to satisfy all the loudly-voiced longings of the people? Probably not, for the simple reason that the deepest and most permanent factor in life is human nature. When royalty fell before Communion in France, a wild orgy of selfishness, vindictiveness and personal aggrandizement ensued, for human nature remained the same under the Commune that it had been under the Monarchy. Before we can hope for any successful or permanent amelioration of human society, there must be a change for the better in the nature of men and women.

The Best for the Basest.

Once again the question arises, How? That is a concern for the professor in the university and for the man of the street. It is no abstract and detached theory, of no interest to the plain people. The best means of improving human nature lies behind every one of the so-called burning social questions. Right here we link today to the apostolic Paul, giving a counsel of perfection to the pettiest city of his time, Corinth, whose debasement was a proverb, had yet been made over, in a portion of its citizenship, by the teachings of Christian missionaries. Now to this city, which practiced the basest perversions of love, Paul gives his sublime truth of the supremacy of the highest form of love. This "new religion" which Paul propounded was several leagues in advance of the latest theories and prophecies of the most "advanced" thinkers.

If people would give less serious heed to the day by day sensations of the news dispatches, and read their Bibles more, they would quickly perceive how tremendously its program for a new order surpasses the latest innovations and theories. The New Testament scheme of life is not merely religious, but reasonable as well. It has the advantage, over others in that it has been tested, and it has worked. Conditions for its proving could not be more adverse than they were in Corinth, yet there, in that bestialized city, this gospel erected a beautiful fraternity of men and women who lived by the royal law of Christ.

The Finest Love Poem.

The Corinthian background should ever be kept in mind in reading Paul's letters to his friends in Corinth. During the year and a half of his sojourn there, these converts had become very dear to the apostle. In writing to them about the things that is most worth while, and the gifts and graces to be coveted earnestly, he deliberately chose the one virtue of love, and exalted it in this most majestic of all the love poems in human speech:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never falleth but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

A New Word.

The word which is the refrain of this sublime passage was a new word in Greece. The average reader does not stop to consider how Christian missionaries everywhere have to coin new words. The languages of the people to which they go do not have the terminology of the sentiments represented by Christianity. At this time there is a debate among the missionaries in China as to what Chinese words shall be used for "God" and for "Holy Spirit." It is suggestive to consider that a whole body of ethical and spiritual conceptions have been given speech around the earth by the teachers of Christianity. Thus Christ introduced into human speech a word which it had not possessed before. The old English version rendered this word as "charity," which today, of course, is utterly inadequate, because of the narrow meaning that has become attached to "charity."

There were several words for "love" in the cultured Greek speech of the time, but that one which Jesus and Paul employed is never found in the classical Greek authors. This "love" which he apotheosized is the word which elsewhere in the New Testament is used as a synonym for God. It is a great, outgiving, selfless passion. It is love without thought of self-interest. It is love that serves and sacrifices. The very word is interpreted best by Paul's own treatise upon it in the epistle quoted. This kind of love is opposed to all formalism and mere ceremoniousness. It is possible for one to be a professional worker in charitable and philanthropic causes, and still be harsh, inconsiderate and selfish in one's dealings with the individual.

"The Greatest Thing in the World."

The best analysis of this chapter, and one that every Sunday school teacher should read in preparation for this lesson,—and, if possible, put in the hands of the members of his class,—is Professor Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." He says that "in these few words we have what one might call the spectrum of love, the analysis of love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names, that they are virtues which we hear about every day, that they are things which can be practiced by every man, in every place in life. The picture of love has nine ingredients:

"Patience—'Love suffereth long.'
"Kindness—'And is kind.'
"Generosity—'Love envieth not.'
"Humility—'Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'
"Courtesy—'Doth not behave itself unseemly.'
"Unselfishness—'Seeketh not her own.'
"Good Temper—'Is not easily provoked.'
"Guilelessness—'Thinketh no evil.'
"Sincerity—'Rejoiceth not in iniquity and rejoiceth in the truth.'"

An Old Preach for New Times.

Love is easier to praise than to practice. Henry Drummond practiced it. That is why his essay lives and glows. Let one read alongside of it the essay on love by Bacon, probably the greatest essayist that ever lived, and behold the hollowness and emptiness of the latter.

The danger in considering this lesson is that too little time be given to illustrations and panegyrics of the virtue of love, whereas it should be considered as Paul intended it to be, as a practical life principle, and as a dominant motive of character. He diligently called up all that the Christian church held most worthy and contrasted these with love, rendering the verdict, "The greatest of these is love."

Our day is largely a "look out for number one" day. That is chiefly what ails us. It is the constant impact of this hard and cold reality which almost disheartens the reformer. For a self-serving life principle there must be substituted the divine principle of love. It is in the love-filled life that Christ is reincarnated. To live His life over again in these days, is simply to embody the teachings of his divine program for the new order of society.

Woman.

Untamed and forever the tameless,
The frail, yet forever the free,
Unshamed and forever the shameless,
The top of creation is she.
All civilizations have passed her
And left her barbarian still,
And the man who had dreamed he is master
Is simply the slave of her will.

She simpers and glances demurely,
And looks like a saint as she goes;
As sweet as a lily, yet surely
She's leading some man by the nose.
For hers are the primeval resources
Of strong, unregenerate sense;
Duplicity marshals her forces
And art is her subtle defence.

Oh, man, you may marvel and wonder,
May reason and argue and fret;
Oh, man, you may bluster and blunder—
You never have conquered her yet!
You lecture and tutor and teach her.
But still she is ever the same,
The free, irresponsible creature
That nothing can fetter or tame.

—Chicago News.

Barley Corn to the Wall.

Omaha World-Herald.

Old John Barleycorn is surely beset from all sides these days. As aids and abettors of the moral crusaders against any and all human use of alcohol, the scientists have lined up apparently with a majority opinion that alcohol is not a food; and a respectable minority of physians are now declaring that it is not indispensable as a stimulant because other stimulants will serve as well; and now cometh a university professor of toxicology with the heretical assertion that whisky is not a cure or an antidote for snake bites.

This, we should judge, is hitting old John below the belt. It is assaulting him in the only invulnerable spot that he thought he had. However, the professor insists that the only service that booze can render to the stricken victim of the serpent is to influence the patient's mind and save him perhaps from death by fright. The liquor does not counteract the poison physiologically.

Far be it from any of us to undertake a final judgment on this important question, at least not without exhaustive experimentation. Enough that the question is presented where never before was a question raised. The pros and cons may fight it out with the same good humor and tolerant consideration for each other's arguments as they always show in any discussion of Mr. Barleycorn, the defendant herein.

However, let it be not overlooked that even if he is routed from this stronghold he still has another line of defence, namely, his culinary position. A thousand champions will rise up to declare the absolute and essential need of the demon rum in the proper manufacture of mince pies.

The Shrinking Rio Grande.

Albuquerque Citizen.

The main current of the Rio Grande swings from one shore to the other and as a result the receding water has left long stretches of river bed. Over a week ago, ranchers and their employes began digging acequias across the river bed in order to reach the water and convey it to their land.

The Rio Grande now flows in only one small stream, but as yet there is sufficient current where ditches are properly constructed. By extending the ditches up the dry river bed for considerable distances and then cutting them into the flowing water, the ranchers below the city have succeeded in increasing the fall of the water and thereby extending the volume for irrigation purposes.

The majority in charge of the ditches have been forced in most cases to mount strict guard over the acequias to see that in no case is the water wasted and that every land-owner gets enough but no more than is needed to tide his crops over the drought.

The Rock of Moses.

London Globe.

The "Rock of Moses" lies in the wild valley at the base of Jebul Musa, the Mount of the Law, in the peninsula of Sinai. The rock is 18 or 20 feet high, slightly inclined, a rough indentation running over each side, which is intersected here and there with slits, and the stone is worn away in places as if from the effects of running water. It is beyond doubt the oldest known legendary object in the vicinity. The Koran refers to this rock more than once, and from these allusions arose the reverence of the Bedouins, who hold it sacred. From the middle ages onward it has been visited by Christian pilgrims, who have carved rude crosses on its sides.

Lord Roberts a Collector.

Tit-Bits.

The fact is not generally known that Lord Roberts, who celebrated his golden wedding the other day, is a great collector of curios. His charming house, Englemere, Ascot, is literally crammed with odds and ends picked up from time to time, nearly all of which have some interesting story attached to them.

One of the most serious of these is an irregularly-shaped piece of dirty white rag, which greatly puzzles all who behold it for the first time. It is the flag of truce which Gen. Cronje sent in to announce his surrender at Paardeberg.

A Wag's Answer.

London Daily News.

A sentry while on duty was bitten by a valuable retriever, and drove his bayonet into the dog. Its owner sued him in the county court for its value, and the evidence given showed that the soldier had not been badly bitten after all. "Why did you not knock the dog with the but end of your rifle?" asked the judge. Then sentry replied: "Why didn't he bite me with his tail?"

Predict Hoofs Instead of Feet.

Boston Dispatch to New York Tribune.

Medical experts predict that civilized man will have hoofs instead of feet, in 1,000 years more. No less personages than Dr. David D. Scannell, surgeon and ex-Harvard athlete; Lewis F. Small, an orthopedist, and Dr. L. R. G. Cranston and Dr. E. H. Bradford, both of the Harvard Medical school, see this probability.

Dr. Cranston says the human foot has become a hind foot or hoof in use, if not in actual form. Dr. Small says the civilized races are slowly reverting to hoofs, and that we must go to the Japanese to learn how to walk. Foot troubles are unknown among them.

Considerate Girl.

Atchison Globe.

Probably the most thoughtful daughter in the world lives in Atchison. Although 25 years old, she still wears her hair down her back to keep her mother looking young.

SURE TO ASK

The Kind of Coffee When Postum Is Well-Made.

"Three great coffee drinkers were my old school friend and her two daughters.

"They were always complaining and taking medicine. I determined to give them Postum instead of coffee when they visited me, so without saying anything to them about it, I made a big pot of Postum the first morning, using four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water and let it boil twenty minutes, stirring down occasionally.

"Before the meal was half over, each one passed up her cup to be refilled, remarking how fine the coffee was. The mother asked for a third cup and inquired as to the brand of coffee I used. I didn't answer her question just then, for I had heard her say a while before that she didn't like Postum unless it was more than half old-fashioned coffee.

"After breakfast I told her that the coffee she liked so well at breakfast was pure Postum and the reason she liked it was because it was properly made, that is, it was boiled long enough to bring out the flavor.

"I have been brought up from a nervous, wretched invalid, to a fine condition of physical health by leaving off coffee and using Postum.

"I am doing all I can to help the world out of coffee slavery to Postum freedom, and have earned the gratitude of many, many friends." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody kindly tell me through the Farmstead columns what will kill blightin cabbage?—J., Hope, Mills, N. C.

Will be grateful to any one who has had experience at curing their own pork, both smoked bacon and pickled pork, if he will give me a recipe for same. Name amount of salt to be used for 100 pounds of meat, so that it will be right to use without freshening; also how long to be salted before smoking, and any other points thought necessary.—W., Webster county, Mo.

Can anything be done to break a hog of the habit of eating chickens?—G., Clyde, Ohio.

I would like to know what will keep caterpillars from the walnut trees.—F., Knox, Ind.

How many tons will a silo 18x30 feet hold? How long will it feed 20 head of steers? How much other grain should be fed with it to fatten them? How much should be fed each day? What stage should the corn be in to get the best results?—W., Monon, Ind.

POTATO BEETLES

Lying along the eastern and western shores of Chesapeake Bay in southeastern Virginia are five counties which constitute the greatest center in the United States for the production of early potatoes.

The value of the crop shipped from these counties is about $6,000,000 a year. The fields are planted about the last of February and the crop of new potatoes is harvested in June. In some cases a second crop is grown on the same ground.

Naturally the Colorado potato bug (or beetle as the entomologists have it) finds this section rich feeding ground. The mature beetles, which have hibernated in the ground over winter, come out during the first half of April just in good time to begin feeding on the young tender plant. Where they are very numerous they sometimes eat the plant down to the root, and if the seed potatoes have not been completely covered with soil the hungry beetles will devour them also. Soon they deposit large numbers of eggs on the young plants, which in a week's time or less hatch out a new generation. The main business of life with these youngsters is to eat, and they begin without loss of time. If the trucker who is interested in growing a fine supply of early tubers does not bestir himself about this time the crop will be greatly injured if not ruined. He mixes a pound of Paris green with 50 pounds of land plaster, and puts some of the mixture into a burlap bag which he hires a negro boy to shake over the potato rows. The mixture sifts down over the plants, and, as the insects go right on eating, nearly all get enough of the poison to kill them.

On the whole, however, considerable damage is done to the crop. Where the potato tops have been partially eaten, the yield of tubers will be less, and they are likely to be watery. Believing the truckers were not fighting this insect in the most economical and effective manner, the United States department of agriculture recently performed some experiments to test a variety of means and methods and find out the cheapest and most effective. The results have just been published in Bulletin 82 of the bureau of entomology.

As a result of these experiments it is recommended that the poisons be put on in a liquid solution with a spray pump rather than in a dry form, as the results will be as good or better and the cost much less. One difficulty with the use of the land plaster mixture is that it causes an acid condition of the soil, which is injurious. It is also recommended that the poison (either Paris green or arsenate of lead) be dissolved in Bordeaux mixture, as the lime prevents the arsenical from burning the foliage, and the Bordeaux appears to have a beneficial effect, increasing the yield of potatoes. The growers are advised to purchase power spraying outfits which will enable them to apply the poison promptly and to go over their fields at least three times during the season. In this way they may save the cost of the power outfit in a single season.—United States Department of Agriculture.

YELLOW PINES OF THE SOUTH

Although more than 60 names are used more or less locally in speaking of southern yellow pine, the trees which supply such a large part of the valuable lumber used today, all belong to three species—the longleaf, the shortleaf, and the loblolly pines. The longleaf is the furnishes timber of greater strength and durability than either of the others. It is unsurpassed as a structural timber and finds a wide use in the building of bridges, trestles and warehouses where great strength and durability are necessary. It is also the source from which come turpentine and resin. The tough inferior to longleaf pine, both the other species furnish vast quantities of valuable lumber for building purposes, box-making, cooperage, etc. As the longleaf pine becomes scarcer, shortleaf and loblolly pine are being substituted for more and more. The wood of both species is especially adapted to the modern processes for wood preservation. The life of timber from these species can be lengthened from three years to 15 years by preservative treatment. Creosote oil is the material most commonly applied to preserve wood. Longleaf pine is difficult to treat because of its density and the large amount of resin it contains. Without treatment it lasts well, but not so well as treated wood of the other species.

During the year 1906 southern pines furnished nearly 10,000,000 railroad ties, a considerable part of which received preservative treatment. They also furnish large quantities of timber for use in mines.

Nearly all the lumber sawed from southern pines is kiln-dried before it is put on the market. This is done to reduce its weight and to prevent the "bluing" which often results from the attacks of a fungus.

Many of the mills which work up the southern pine logs are located near the coast in order to enjoy the advantages of shipment by water. From Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans and other southern ports large quantities of sawed timber and lumber are shipped to northern markets, as well as to markets in foreign lands. From mills located at interior points shipments are made by rail to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and other large inland market centers.

The United States department of agriculture has recently issued an instructive account of the Properties and Uses of Southern Pines (forest service circular 164). It gives a description of the three species which makes it comparatively easy to distinguish them. It also gives such a description of the wood as will enable the dealer or buyer to tell with a fair degree of certainty from which species yellow pine lumber has been sawed. But the most important feature of the circular is an account of the behavior of timbers sawed from each species under the exhaustive tests which the government has made. This circular is for free distribution.

RAISING BEETS

Beets are comparatively hardy plants. They may be planted early without much danger of injury. They are rather gross feeders and thrive best in well enriched soil. Good fibrous, well drained garden loam, enriched with compost and poultry droppings, will grow perfect roots. For the early crop prepare the soil as early as it is fit to work and plant the seed immediately. If you have a hotbed, start the young plants there and gain several weeks in maturity. With a little care in preserving fibrous roots the young plants bear transplanting well and they may be lifted and reset either from the hotbed or from the open ground.

Give growing beets clean and thorough cultivation, and thin the plants to stand four to six inches in the row. The thinning may be delayed in the home vegetable garden till the young beets are large enough to use, and thus the thinnings will not be wasted. In the truck garden the thinnings may be fed to cows, calves and pigs to good advantage. For a succession of tender beets sow at intervals of three weeks till the last of July. The mature crop may be held for winter storage.

THE FARMERS' YEAR BOOK

A new issue of the yearbook, the great popular annual of the United States department of agriculture, has appeared. In size, appearance and contents, the yearbook for 1908 is very similar to its predecessors ,and it will doubtless be of interest and value to people engaged in agricultural pursuits.

For nearly half a century the Agricultural Report appeared every year until the name became so firmly fixed in the public mind that it is still current though 14 years have elapsed since congress substituted the yearbook for the old report. In fact, congressmen still speak of their stocks of Agricultural Reports, which about the capitol and government printing office are familiarly known as "ags.," and thousands of farmers every year write for "agricultural reports" when it is the yearbook they want, and that is what they get. It is true there is still an "annual report of the department of

de $55.00 From $2 Mushroom Bed.

Absolute Proof of Big Money Growing Mushrooms.

one who wants to make big money from a investment and do it quick should go into hroom business. Thousands of men and , and even children all over the country king a higher percentage of profit than the ard Oil Co. pays on its stock. S. R. Hibof Park Ridge, Ill., is one of those who ves beyond any doubt or question that the om business pays. Mr. Hibbard started me small bed of 50 square feet. His total ment was just $2.00 for spawn. In less ntesty days he cleared over $55. His busss now grown until he plants over 6,000 feet every planting.

others have done as well or better. one who wants accurate and truthful ination about the money made growing mushcost to start, about spawn, etc., should at once to A. V. Jackson, 3144 N. Western Chicago, Ill. Mr. Jackson has established greatest mushroom farm in the world and will you information free. Write him today.

ELEPHONE ACROSS OCEAN

nel Experiment Revives Speculation as to Transatlantic Line.

York Tribune.

resh experiment is to be made with a od of promoting submarine teley devised several years ago by Prof. Pupin, of Columbia university. It sts of the introduction, at carefully uated intervals, in a cable of what icians call "choking coils." These ase the distance at which speech can ade audible, not by magnifying the but by lessening the rapidity with electric vibrations die out. Accordg the London Times, the British gov- ment—doubtless in co-operation with of France—has decided to lay a cable red in this manner across the Engh Channel. As it will connect with lines at Dover and Calais, it is exd to facilitate telephonic communicabetween London and Paris. Though use of Prof. Pupin's invention has made in the United States to enhe efficiency of the American Bell hone company's overland wires, it thus far had only one trial under on a telephone cable which crosses Constance, from Switzerland to Ger-

As, for some reason, the pioneer ment has not proved entirely satisry, the outcome of the second trial water will be awaited with excepl interest.

In this instance the system should perfectly, it is not unlikely that would be a fresh discussion of the ility of transatlantic telephony. It repeatedly been pointed out that even the technical difficulties in the way ch an enterprise should be overcome ght not prove commercially successThe hours during which a telephone between New York and London would atronized would be limited, and the devoted to such service would cost more than one for telegraphy alone. to be remembered, however, that a equipped with "choking coils" could mployed for telegraphy as well as telny. It would not necessarily lie idle, fore, when it was not used for conation. Indeed, experts say that it d work better than any other teleh cable of the same length.

GREAT TEMPLES OF ICE

e Endured for Ages—Discoveries of a Recent Expedition.

go Tribune.

angeless Arctic temples of ice amid icy deserts of Greenland were found e survivors of the ill-fated Erichsen dition to the north pole. A crystal e of superhuman architecture vaster a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian ples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice, is described. ated by nature in a forbidding wilds, it frightened and awed the explor- The dreams of poets and the fancies pic bards were surpassed by this n of colossal loveliness, which the er Achton Friis, a member of the dition, endeavored to carry away for benefit of the dwellers in civilization. re than a mile in length, the lofty of this temple was pierced at interd with windows through which the ming sun rays sparkled on columns ucbes and immense clusters of stalac- like pendent jewels. Through the r of the ice palace flowed a stream ater whose occasional ripple and hing fall broke the majestic silence. r north it is possible that ice palaces temples should endure without gs longer than human structures of e. The carcasses of prehistoric monhave remained inviolate in Arctic s for thousands of years, while granyramids have worn away and Babyn civilization has been buried deep he earth.

Latest London Craze.

dee Advertiser.

e latest craze among the ultrafashbles of London is to have dirty faces. few years ago the same young men oped a fancy for perambulating the ts without hats, but the coming of automobile has changed the mode of ing that you are not quite as out other

The idea is to carry just enough to look like fast, long distance riders have had no time to remove the s of locomotion. A slight disarray he die and collar is a great aid to the ion, while the real artist will add ght suggestion of cramp to the finishing touch is given by an oily ar on the nose. This may seem like xaggeration, but is not more absurd the fashion of a century ago, when g men aspired to look like coachor jockeys.

ork on Mississippi Plantation.

aphis Commercial Appeal.

e day begins on a plantation when yet night. The big bell rings be- n 4 and 5 o'clock for the "hands" to o the fields. Mammy starts her small assistants around at the "big " with early coffee at 6.

ithout this tiny cup of cafe noir your creole gets up on the wrong side of bed. He has no appetite for breakafter a ride through the fields and less for his generous noonday din- Supper is served at night and the s are typically southern, the corn batter breads, fried chickens and ies and fig preserves, with "syllaby" that moonbeam mixture that makes ern ices and confections heavy by parison for dessert.

e on a plantation is not dull. There visits to town and a constant stream visitors from town. There are "sugar e" parties and hog killings, Christ- doings and Thanksgiving dinners, to nothing of house parties and hunts.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES.—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; nor prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

NEW MEXICO

Will you please tell about the climate, soil and products of the state of New Mexico?—M. I. H., Weston, W. Va.

The agricultural products of New Mexico are corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, forage, beans, peas, onions and orchard fruits. The climate of New Mexico is very dry and healthful. The greatest rainfall occurs between May and August, the least between February and April. The prevailing winds are southwest, west, southeast and east. The summer temperature is sometimes high, especially in the southern part, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the heat is never oppressive and the nights are always cool.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

Will you please tell me in what states cousins can marry?—J. G. B., Wexford, Mich.

Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

JOSIAH FLYNT

Please give a sketch of the life of Josiah Flynt, the author.—R. R. M., Thurman, Iowa.

Josiah Flynt Willard, known by the pen-name of Josiah Flynt, was born January 23, 1869. He was educated in the public schools of Wisconsin and at the University of Berlin, Germany. On his return to the United States he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railway company. For several years he was a railway policeman on the lines west of Pittsburg. He used his experience as a policeman for the railroad in his writings. He has a broad sympathy with human nature and a keen insight into men and affairs.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Will you give an account of the French and Indian war?—P. J. B., Oakland, Md.

The French and Indian war extended from 1754 to 1763. It was the last part of the struggle between England and France for the possession of North America. In 1754 French claimed the whole country west of the Alleghanies as a part of the basins of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. England laid claim to all the country west of the Atlantic settlements. The French colonists numbered only about 80,000 whites and the English more than 1,100,000. The English were divided into 13 governments, which had nothing in common. These English colonists were industrial, while the French rule was unified and military, and had help from the Indians. The war began with a struggle for Pittsburg, Washington attacking the French at Great Meadows and being forced to surrender at Fort Necessity. In 1755 the English planned four attacks: Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg), and others by way of Lake Champlain, by way of Oswego and Niagara, and against the French posts near Nova Scotia. The first was disastrous, the second and third accomplished nothing substantial, but the fourth was successful. From 1756 on, the English made no progress for the French and Indians were under the command of Montcalm. The following year William Pitt became head of the English ministry, and he formed a general scheme of conquest in America. In 1758 Amherst and Wolfe took Louisbourg, Bradstreet captured Fort Frontenac, and Forbes took Fort Duquesne. Then Pitt undertook the conquest of Canada. In 1759 Amherst took Ticonderoga, while Prideaux took Niagara. But the chief operation of the year was a direct attack upon Quebec, entrusted to General Wolfe, who captured that town, considered impregnable, by means of the battle upon the Plains of Abraham. The French were unable to retake Quebec. Montreal was taken in 1760, and the conquest of Canada was completed. By the treaty of Paris, France resigned to England all her possessions east of the Mississippi, and to Spain, New Orleans and all her possessions west of that river.

ROBERT F. STOCKTON

Will you give a biography of Robert F. Stockton?—J. D. S., Lanesboro, Pa.

Robert Field Stockton, the American naval officer and politician, was born August 20, 1796, and died October 7, 1866. He served in the war of 1812 and in the Algerian war, in 1814 and 1815. In 1821 Stockton commanded the Erie on a cruise to Africa, where he secured the territory which now forms the present Liberian republic. In the autumn of the same year he was instrumental in the suppression of pirates and slavers in the West Indies. He strongly advocated the steam navy and drew the plans for the sloop-of-war Princeton, on which an exploding gun killed the secretaries of war and navy in 1844. He was commander of the Pacific squadron during the Mexican war, when he took possession of California in the name of the United States. After his resignation from the navy, in 1850, he devoted himself to politics, and in the following year was elected to the United States senate. There he introduced a bill which was passed later, abolishing flogging in the navy. On leaving the senate in 1853, he turned his attention to the improvement of the Delaware & Raritan canal, an enterprise he had previously encouraged.

PEARLS

Will you please give some information concerning fresh-water pearls? How are they formed?—W. W. B., St. James, Mich.

Fresh-water pearls are found in many streams and lakes of Asia, Europe and America. The mollusks are very numerous in the Mississippi valley. Many pearls are found in the states of Iowa, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, but they have been found at periods in other states. An important fresh-water pearl button industry has grown up in the last few years, but the gathering of pearls in fresh water has usualy been carried on by farmers in their spare time. The methods which they use have been very wasteful, the mussels being secured by rakes and other awkward implements. The mussels were killed and then examined for pearls, after which they were thrown away. This method is wasteful and is not practiced in Europe, where they have special tools by which the shells may be opened and examined for pearls without any danger to the mussels, which are than thrown back in the water. Fresh-water pearls are especially valued because of the great variety and beauty of their colors and are, like the marine pearls, most likely to be found in shells which are distorted or otherwise imperfect in form and growth. Pearls are formed by foreign bodies being enveloped by the secretion on the inside of the shell.

PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY

A friend of The Blade sends a description of the railway up Pike's Peak, for which a subscriber of this paper asked several weeks ago, and which we were unable to answer. The railway up the mountain was completed in 1890, and is a cog road. There are similar roads in foreign countries, but they are small compared to this one. The largest of these foreign roads does not extend any higher up than 7,000 feet, while the Pike's Peak railway extends to 14,147 feet above the sea. The road is almost nine miles in length and overcomes a vertical altitude of one and one-half miles. The gauge is the standard one and the roadbed is made as good as possible. It is ballasted when not cut through the solid rock. On the heavy grades the track is securely anchored, to prevent any displacement which might occur from the effects of the extreme variation of temperature. There is a rise of one foot in four, and the sharpest curves are 16 degrees. The outside rails are the same as those on the ordinary roads, but these rails merely serve to guide the trfain and bear its weight. There are rack rails in the middle of the track, upon which the propulsion and the safety of the train depends. The rack rails are double every inch of the way from the valley to the summit. The cogs on the third rail of the road are greased by one man. It takes him about one month to grease every cog in the nine miles of track.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Please tell all you can about the Giant's Causeway.—E. H., Sias, W. Va.

The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in cliffs of basalt, many of them made up of rude vertical columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial semblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to only a small part of it, which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from 15 to 36 feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low-water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle and Grand Causeway, these being separated from each other by ridges of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the utmost precision, and it is said that even water cannot be forced in between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform, as its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that it presents an almost smooth area extending to the water, seeming to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convenience of giants.

IAN MACLAREN

Please give a sketch of the life of Ian Maclaren and name some of his works.—L. H. S., Boulder, Colo.

John Watson wrote under the pen-name of Ian Maclaren. He was an English Presbyterian clergyman and author, and was born November 3, 1850. He was educated at Edinburgh university and the University of Tubingen. The Free church of Scotland gave him a license in the year 1874, and he was appointed assistant minister of Barclay church in Edinburgh. The following year he was ordained a minister of another church of the same denomination in Perthshire. In 1877 he went to Glasgow and in 1880 to Liverpool, where he had charge of a church. He came to the United States, where he lectured at Yale, in the year 1896. Four years later he was moderator of the synod of the Presbyterian church of England. He wrote religious works besides his works of fiction. Some of the former are discourses in essay from such as The Mind of the Master, Companions of the Sorrowful Way, Doctrines of Grace, and The Life of the Master. His works of fiction include Besides the Bonnie Brier Bush, The Days of Auld Lang Syne, Kate Carnegie, etc.

PICKLING MEAT

Will the Bureau please give a recipe for the pickling of meat?—J. B., Laureldale, W. Va.

A good way to pickle meat is to rub it with a mixture of salt, two pounds; saltpetre, two ounces, and moist sugar one and one-half ounces, till every crevice is thoroughly penetrated, after which it should be set aside until the next day, when it should be covered with fresh salt in such parts as require it. It may then be placed in any proper vessel and subjected to pressure, adding a little fresh salt as necessary, and turning it daily until sufficiently cured. When the brine as it forms is allowed to drain from the meat, the process is called dry-salting; but when, on the contrary, it is allowed to remain on it, the article is said to be wet-salted. On the small scale, the latter is most conveniently performed by rubbing the meat with salt, etc., as above, and after it has lain a few hours, putting it into a pickle formed by dissolving four pounds of salt, one-half or one pound of sugar and two ounces of saltpetre in two gallons of water. This pickling liquor gets weaker by use, and should therefore be occasionally boiled down a little and skimmed, at the same time adding some more of the dry ingredients.

GAME LAWS

Will the Question Bureau please give the game laws of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio?—E. H., Mt. Morris, Pa.

The open seasons for game in Pennsylvania are as follows:

Deer from November 15 to December 1.

Squirrel and woodcock from October 1 to December 1.

Rabbit, grouse, prairie chicken, wild turkey and pheasant from October 15 to December 1.

Quail from November 1 to December 1.

Duck, goose and swan from September 1 to April 10.

Plover, snipe and rail from September 1 to December 1.

The open seasons in West Virginia are:

Deer from October 15 to December 16.

Squirrel and rabbit from September 15 to January 10.

Quail from November 1 to December 20.

Grouse, prairie chicken, wild turkey and pheasant from October 15 to December 15.

Woodcock from July 15 to November 2.

Duck, goose and swan from October 1 to April 1.

Plover, snipe and rail from March 1 to July 1.

The open seasons for game and fishing in Ohio are as follows:

Quail from November 15 to December 4, both inclusive.

Woodcock or Carolina dove, from September 1 to December 4, inclusive.

Wild duck, wild geese, rail, shore bird, plover, snipe, wild swan, coot or mud hen, from September 1 to December 31, inclusive. Spring, from March 1 to April 20, inclusive.

Ruffled grouse, Mongolian pheasant, ring-necked or other pheasant, not before 1913, and from November 15 to December 4, inclusive, thereafter.

Rabbit, from November 15 to December 4, inclusive (with gun).

Squirrel from October 1 to October 31, inclusive.

Raccoon, from November 1 to March 1, inclusive.

Black bass cannot be caught in the inland fishing district from May 1 to 31, both inclusive. In the Lake Erie district, from May 25 to July 15, both inclusive.

It is unlawful to sell, offer for sale, expose for sale or barter away, rock bass, strawberry or calico bass, croppies, blue gills or sunfish, whether caught in the state or outside of the state.

It is unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale, expose for sale, quail, wild duck or any other game bird or any squirrel, at any time, whether killed in the state or elsewhere.

A person is allowed to hunt with a dog at any time during the open season.

MORGAN'S RAID

Can you give an account of Morgan's raid?—R. M. E., Chatham, Ill.

In December, 1863, Longstreet, who had been conducting an active campaign in Tennessee, returned into Virginia, leaving the noted cavalryman, Col. John H. Morgan, to carry on the struggle in East Tennessee. December 29 there was a fight between General Sturgis and Morgan—the latter having an army of about 6,000—near New Market, in which Morgan was defeated. In another fight, January 16, 1864, Morgan made the attack and Sturgis was driven back to Strawberry Plains. Morgan lingered in East Tennessee until May, and late in that month, with a small band of men, he went over the mountains and raided through eastern Kentucky, plundering the wealthy districts as he went through. He captured several small towns, dashed into Lexington, burning the railway station and other property there, and hurried on to Frankfort. But General Burbridge was in pursuit, and came up with Morgan's men near Cynthiana, and in the fight which followed, Morgan lost 200 in killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, and 1,000 horses captured. Morgan now retreated into East Tennessee. In September he had his force at Greenville, and Morgan himself and his staff were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. General Gillem, with troops, surrounded the house, and Morgan was killed while trying to escape. His body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was buried, with imposing ceremonies, at Abingdon, Va.

THE THIRTEEN STATES

Please name the original thirteen states and tell when each was settled, and by whom.—R. G. C., Tarpon, Tex.

The original thirteen states were as follows: Virginia, settled by the English at Jamestown, 1607; New York, by the Dutch, at New Amsterdam, 1614; New Jersey, by the Dutch, at Bergen, 1618; Massachusetts, by the English, at Plymouth, 1620; New Hampshire, by the English, near Portsmouth, 1623; Delaware, by the Swedes and Finns, on Christina creek, 1627; Maryland, by the English, at St. Marys, 1634; Connecticut, by emigrants from Massachusetts, at Windsor, 1635; Rhode Island, by Roger Williams, at Providence, 1636; Pennsylvania, by Swedes from Delaware, 1643, by William Penn, 1583; South Carolina, by English, near Charleston, 1670; North Carolina, by emigrants from Virginia, on the Roanoke, 1663; Georgia, by the English under Oglethorpe, at Savannah, 1733.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. H. B., Roseburg, Ore.: The name Goethe is a German one and is pronounced according to German rules. There is a sound of r after the first e.

B. R. P., Hamden Junction, O.: We cannot give you a sketch of Gen. Wirz.

G. M., Stevens, W. Va.: Everyone has an appendix until it is taken out.

W. N. D., Mt. Vernon, Mo.: If you will name any special articles on which you want old and new tariff duties, the Bureau will try to answer your question, but the new tariff as a whole is too ponderous for publication in these columns.

J. R. B., Tampa, Fla.: Write to the state department, at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

L. B., Pittston, Pa.: The Bureau rules state emphatically that we answer no questions about old coins.

N. D. C., Kunckeltown, Pa.: There is a United States mint in the city of Philadelphia.

J. T. C., Somerset, Ill.: The largest steamship is the Mauretania, whose length is 790 feet.

J. V. J., Cairo, W. Va.: Taft's salary is $75,000 per year and traveling expenses were first allowed the presidents during Roosevelt's term of office.

F. G. M., Ivydale, W. Va.: We cannot answer your question concerning the decision of the supreme judge about oil being a mineral.

The Man With Mechanical Ability.

New York Sun.

The man with a natural aptitude for mechanics received so many invitations to take automobile trips with friends who acted as their own chauffeur that he came to be envied by his less fortunate acquaintances. One day the popular guest condescended to enlighten them as to his true status.

"You fellows needn't get green-eyed," he said. "I haven't such a snap after all. What they want me to go along for is to blow up the tires and make repairs in case of an accident. I wouldn't be such a hot favorite if I wasn't so proficient in that line. That knowledge is somewhat galling, but as I enjoy the trips I swallow my pride and accept the invitations."

Interesting Facts Concerning the Lincoln Cent

THE initials of the designer, "V. D. B.," on the new Lincoln cent—so large that you can see them with the naked eye after some one tells you where to look, and which have caused so much excitement among the Washington officials and the Market street fakers—are not the only interesting things about the new coin. This putting of a portrait on a United States coin marks a new departure, and for other reasons the new piece is one of the most interesting, both in itself and in its relation to the entire series of the cent from the establishment of the coinage in 1793.

As a work of art the new coin is pretty generally ranked as a success. Victor D. Brenner, of New York, the medallist who produced the designs, is to be congratulated for the excellent portrait of Mr. Lincoln that adorns the obverse, and also for a very effective reverse design. Mr. Brenner's Lincoln is the kind-hearted and humane President, the Lincoln we have heard so much about during the recent centennial celebrations, with a slight suggestion of a twinkle of humor in the eye, and but little or none of the rugged westerner and statesman of firm resolution—the Lincoln of the household rather than of the nation's council chambers.

Produced Outside of Mint.

For the cent, the most popular of the coins, this popular Lincoln is doubtless the better. With peculiar fitness we read above the head of the Great Emancipator "In God we trust," and at the side "Liberty." The country has produced but very few men whose portrait would fit so properly into the mottoes and legends which law and custom have placed upon the country's coins.

The very simplicity of the reverse renders it most pleasing, a simplicity that might have been agreeably enhanced by the omission of the wheat heads, which are not specially ornamental and are certainly not significant; but why criticise where there is so much to commend?

An interesting feature of the new coin is, that it was produced wholly outside the mint establishment. As already mentioned, the designs are the work of Victor D. Brenner, and the dies were cut by a New York firm of engravers. The mechanical reproduction of the numerous coining dies and the striking of the coins themselves are the work of the Philadelphia mint. The entire series of the present gold coins is the work of artists, Saint-Gaudens and B. L. Pratt, but the dies were produced from the models in the mint in Philadelphia.

Earlier Lincoln Portrait.

This is not the first time Mr. Lincoln's portrait has appeared upon a coin. In 1866 it was proposed to place a portrait head of him on the 5-cent piece. It would be almost indelicate to ask who made the "likeness" of Lincoln for this piece, and positively unkind to reveal the name of the offending artist, if one knew. Mr. Lincoln doubtless included him in the long list of forgiven offenders. Well-established tradition prevented the issuing of such a coin. That world-wide tradition, which is of ancient origin, is that portraits should not appear on the coins of a free republic. Exceptions from this practice have been made with considerable frequency in honor of deceased patriots and statesmen, seldom in honor of the living. Such instances as that of President Kruger's portrait on the coins of the Transvaal republic and of President Diaz's likeness on the coins of Mexico are well-known modern exceptions, yet not such striking deviations in view of their characters of benevolent and enlightened dictators, as well as constitutional executives.

When the coinage was being established and the question of design was a burning one, friends of Washington proposed that the protrait of the president should adorn the cent and several pattern pieces were produced. To accompany the portrait such inscriptions were proposed as: "Washington and Independence," "General Washington," "Washington, President," and "Washington, President I." But the Father of His Country vigorously and firmly vetoed the suggestion, and thus the ancient tradition of no portraits of at least living personages on the coins of a free republic was established for the United States. Long after his decease his portrait did appear, with Lafayette's, on the Lafayette dollar, a medallic coin struck and sold to defray a part of the cost of the Lafayette monument erected in Paris by American subscription.

Other Presidents Portrayed.

The portraits of Jefferson and McKinley on the commemorative gold dollars struck for the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis, and of Lewis and Clark on the gold dollars issued for the Portland (Oregon) exposition, complete the series of United States coins, anl patterns for coins, that have presented the likenesses of eminent deceased citizens of the republic. In the Lincoln cent the departure from an ideal head to a portrait is not nearly so striking as was the change from the old large copper cent to the present smal coin in 1858. What a change that was! How convenient for trade to have the bulk and weight of a given quantity of "change" reduced by about four-fifths! But the small boy felt that he had been robbed. Five cents in the big coppers made a lot of money, but five of the little Indians made no showing in a pocket accustomed to "loads of things." The "Flying Eagle" cent, made of copper and nickel, the "White Cents," appeared in 1856, but they soon gave way to the bronze coins long so familiar, and now, after just a half-century of use, the Indian head yields to the Lincoln portrait, for the former was adopted in 1859.

Of the large copper cents, too, there had been a number of interesting varieties. The first year of the coinage in 1793 witnessed the production of several types and a great many varieties of some of the types. One of the designs suggested and soon discarded, though it was legally issued, was the chain cent, the reverse type being a chain of 15 links inclosing the words "one cent," with 1-100 underneath it. There were 15 states by that time, Vermont (1791) and Kentucky (1792) having been admitted, and the 15-link chain happily suggested their union. This type for the reverse of the cent gave way in the same year to the one that was ever afterward retained, the wreath inclosing the words "one cent."

Many Queer Suggestions.

The Liberty heads on the earliest coins, especially the cent, were entirely un-American in conception. They reflect with wonderful faithfulness the French influence that was rampant in the young republic, for the head with the wild flowing hair is said to represent with considerable accuracy the type of Liberty that had been recently set up in Notre Dame in Paris. There must have been some doubt as to whether such a creation could suggest the sentiment of political liberty to anybody, so a liberty cap and pole were added to the design; and in 1797 the flowing hair was more becomingly confined behind with a ribbon. The changes in the type thereafter were due to the assertion of a native sense of modesty and to the changes in the fashion of the feminine coiffure, as shown by the issues of 1811 and 1834.

It would be interesting to know whose fund of common sense saved the country from some of the numerous proposals for the designs and sizes of the cent. It must not be forgotten that common sense in the matter of suitable coins is a rare quality, and its exercise still more rare. It seems impossible that anybody should ever have suggested so large a piece for the cent, just the size of the silver dollar, as that offered by the engraver Birch. Yet, it is almost equally absurd that anybody should have adopted a coin so large as the one that was actually put into circulation, the big coppers, and used for 65 years. But if we were to go on mentioning absurdities in the projects for new coins the field would be found almost unlimited. The pattern of a nickel cent with a large hole in the center was seriously brought forth by an engraver in 1884 and its adoption urged upon the treasury department. Of course the pattern simply represented an effort to produce something that would be new and might for that reason be adopted. The author of the absurdity was wholly ignorant of the purpose of the hole in certain European coins which he had imitated in making his design.

Old Types More Traditional.

Whether the new cent—after the designer's initials have been removed or reduced—is to be continued after this anniversary has not yet been made entirely clear by definite official announcement of the treasury department, but it is to be hoped that it will not be. The old type, if artistically treated, would suit better our traditions and harmonize more with the rest of the coins of the country. The millions that will be issued this year will entirely disappear from circulation in about two decades, so rapid and complete is the mysterious destruction of the cent, and the ever-disturbing element of increased types and varieties in the coinage will be thereby reduced.

Incidentally it's interesting to note that most coins have somewhere on them the initials of the designer. To find these without the use of a microscope is an interesting test for the eyesight—all the more so because some have them and others do not.

HARRIMAN'S NEW HOME

$200,000 House Ready for Occupancy on Financier's Return.

New York Times.

It was reported Tuesday that E. H. Harriman's new summer home at Arden, Orange county, would be in shape for himself and his family to move into early next week when he returns from abroad.

The house stands on the "Tower Hill" property, comprising about 200 acres, famous as a signal station in revolutionary and Indian days.

Mr. Harriman built this new house of stone from his own place exclusively, except for one carved piece over the front door, and of wood work cut from his own woods, after his old home at Woodbury became too accessible, according to his views. There were too many people about, intruding on the privacy of his family, and Mr. Harriman was unable to buy up the rights of way to insure the privacy he desired. This he has done at great expense at his new place.

"Tower Hill," from whose old tower beacons flared, warning the farmers and continental soldiers of the approach of the enemy, stands about 900 feet above sea level.

Mr. Harriman's new house cost about $200,000, it is said. It is a combination of American and Grecian architecture, and within are rooms done in Japanese, French, German, Italian and colonial styles. They are to be filled with handsome paintings.

The one stone in the structure which Mr. Harriman's quarries could not supply is a huge block of granite, carved into a game piece—stag's head, with spreading antlers—to crown the main doorway. It was brought from Utica, and, with the carving and all, report has it, cost $10,000.

Before Skyscrapers Arose

ALMS HOUSE BUILDINGS BLACKWELLS ISLAND

In the period immediately preceding the erection of skyscrapers, the river line of New York city presented the appearance shown here. Writing of the skyscrapers Edgar Mayhew Bacon, in "The Hudson River from Ocean to Source," has this to say: "There is not one of the great buildings that tower even above the ordinary chimneys of the city, and challenge the eye of the traveler upon the river, that has not sunk its foundations deep into the associations of an historic past. Beneath and within the looming walls are traditions and memories; the tragedies, the romances and the comedies of that older day.

"Every year the 'tale of bricks is doubled' in Manhattan, and the huge buildings that stretch from the Battery northward multiply. In all that vast collection of iron and masonry there are a few individual masses that are symmetrical, but these are lost in the great aggregation. Separate structures have been shot into the air as though impelled by some terrific volcanic agency, but there is no hint of any idea of relationship between them; they suggest rather the accidental huddling of more or less unrelated and even incongruous elements. The saw tooth sky line thus produced does not add an element of beauty to the aspect of the city as seen from the river; on the contrary, the ragged, irregular procession of domes, pyramids cones, spires and bricks-on-end give an impression of wealth, power, aggressiveness—of almost anything under heaven except taste and relationship. In all this monster collection of buildings there is no suggestion of any community of interest. Every skyscraper proclaims, as far as it can be seen, that it does not recognize any other skyscraper except as a possible rival to be overtopped by the addition of several more stories or a cupola or two.

"It will seem to many people like heresy to affirm that New York from any point of view lacks beauty; but it is sometimes a melancholy duty to cherish a heresy, or even upon occasion, to proclaim it. As a matter of opinion we hold that there are in the world several cities containing a fraction of the population and enterprise and wealth of New York that are much more impressive in a perspective view. There are cities, and even small towns, that present themselves to the imagination as units and are in their degree satisfying to that sane something within us that demands balance and proportion in art."

Chew Saved His Life.

Logansport, Ind., Dispatch to New York World.

August Walters, a park policeman, was almost killed by electricity the other day while assisting a lineman who was repairing an arc light in Riverside park. The lineman requested Walters to let down the arc light, and he grasped the wire cable which is used to lower the lamp. Instantly fire flashed from Walters' body, and after spinning around in the air he fell, but was unable to release his hold on the cable, and was pitched and thrown about with great rapidity.

It was several hours before Walters regained consciousness. He received a current of 2,200 volts.

Physicians attribute Walters' escape from a tragic death to the fact that when he first grasped the cable the shock caused him to swallow a big quid of tobacco. This tobacco in the stomach acted as a stimulant and kept up heart action.

Serum Cures Case of Tetanus.

Boston Dispatch to New York Tribune.

A notable triumph resulted from the use of anti-tetanus serum in the case of John Butler, 29 years old, who was discharged a few days ago from the Massachusetts general hospital, and is now at his home in North Abington in perfect health.

While at work in the latter part of June, Butler stepped on a rusty nail, which penetrated his foot, and he was sent to the Massachusetts general hospital suffering from tetanus.

The hospital physicians lost no time in administering the serum, which was injected in both legs, from the knees to the hips, several times a day.

The treatment was continued for three weeks, with the patient much of the time unconscious. At the end of that period Butler was restored to consciousness and felt no ill effects.

MOTIVE IN MURDER

A Noted London Physician Traces It to the Feeling of Bloodthirstiness.

As we get lower down in the social scale, says Dr. Te Claye Shaw, of London, in the Lancet's report of his lecture before the Medico-Legal society, crimes of murder and violence are most frequent; there is plenty of vice and infraction of the law in the higher classes, but it is of a different type, and may be described as more of the intellectual life, forgery, swindling on a large scale, emotional excess of the selfish form. This may be due in part as our president, the learned judge, once said, to excess in drinking (especially of bad liquor) among the lower orders, but another reason is probably to be found in the lower state of evolution and in the degenerative surroundings under which they live, circumstances which naturally reinforce any trend or tendency to the uncontrolled instincts with which early life seems inseparably bound up.

Modern psychology, though it has done much to analyze mental processes, has not been up to now successful in enlightening us as to the real nature of the elementary processes themselves. It seems doubtful if we shall ever be much wiser than we now are towards a real comprehension of them, but we do at any rate know that there are actual facts or conditions, and, helped by pathology, we know that these conditions may be exaggerated or distorted in some whilst in others they never arise to any prominence—may, indeed, be scarcely existent. The law, which may be described as the verdict of the intellectual element of mind, as the declaration of what is the truth with the emotional element filtered out, ignores the validity of the chief side of mind out of which action of interest arises; hence the lawyer and the physician must come into conflict, unless they come to terms about the primary psychological dictum—viz., that emotion of feeling is the basis of voluntary action, and that, therefore, any morbid variation in kind or intensity of the former must change the character of the latter.

I have tried to determine whether there has been, with the progress of time, and alteration in this question of haemotymia, whether the cry of the peace party of today, the appeal for the putting down of armaments, the enthusiasm of vegetarians, the demand for the commutation of death sentences, can be regarded as due to a process of evolution. We may be more slow to anger (experience has taught us the advantage of that); we may be more willing to pay (when in old times we should have fought); we may be more careful of life; we may conduct wars on more humanitarian principles, but when once engaged the old emotions seem to come up in all intensity, and on occasion the call for blood overwhelms every other.

The result of all this is that whatever it may mean there is an innate primary feeling with regard to blood—at one time attractive, at another repellent, but in all cases strong. That trends or temperaments foster the one and increase the other; that the instinct is probably connected with the earliest efforts to procure food; that just as the sexual instinct or that of fear may be the direction of a trend and may be so strong as to lead to all kinds of extravagances (as we see daily that they do), so may the lust of blood be overpowering and lead to murderous acts; that being an emotion, it is probably more compelling than most ideas, and as such should be correctly estimated; that as emotion or feeling is the primary determinaht of our efforts to live, it should hold a prominent place in our estimate of responsibility, because any morbid elevation of it renders voluntary inhibition negative and such voluntary power as is caused must be in its own direction. It can only be repressed by eradication of the conditions by which it exists, and when once seen exclusion methods should at once be resorted to without waiting for the acts to which it must of necessity lead.

ROAST SNAKE AT CLAM BAKE

New Jersey Picnickers Built Their Fire on Reptiles' Den.

Jacksonville (N. J.) Cor. N. Y. Press.

It is an open question in this section of the state whether the annual outing of the Western Social club at Spicers Rock, near here, Sunday, ought to be called a clambake or a snake roast. The club members planned a clambake, and took a bountiful supply of clams out to the rock with them. After the fire had been built, nature provided 22 big black snakes. The man who first saw them wriggling out of the fire almost had a fit, until suddenly he remembered that the hampers had not been opened, and that, therefore, there could not possibly be any cause for alarm. He yelled to his companions. They rushed to the rescue. When they saw the flames literally alive with scorched snakes, the truth dawned upon them. They had built the fire for the clambake directly on top of one of the biggest black-snake dens in the Spicers Rock section, and the reptiles were trying to move out.

When the fire and the clubs had finished their work, there were 22 snakes on the clambake ground, and no assurance there would not be 22 more before the outing ended. The women and children who had gone out to the rock to participate in the outing were panic stricken, and absolutely to have anything to do with a clambake held under such conditions. It was not until the clams had been hauled to a place half a mile away, and a fire built on solid rock, that the women would have anything to do with the bake.

Largest Animal in the World.

London Globe.

What is claimed as the largest animal in the world is represented by a colossal skeleton in the museum of Christchurch, New Zealand. This is the remains of a large specimen of the blue whale stranded on the coast of that country. This whale is probably the largest of all living animals. The length of the skeleton is 87 feet and the head alone is 21 feet. The weight of the bones is estimated at 9 tons. This gigantic whale gets its name of blue whale from the dark bluish gray of its upper surface. The tinge of yellow on its lower part has led to the name "sulphur bottom," by which it is known on the western side of the Atlantic. It is otherwise known as Sibbald's rorqual (Balenoptera sibbaldi).

The chief food of this gigantic animal is a small marine crustacean (Thysano soda inermis), known to the whalers as "krill." Another species of the same shrimplike group has been obtained in thousands from the stomachs of mackerel caught on the Cornish coast. The nearly related opossum shrimps found in enormous numbers in the Greenland seas form the chief food of the common whale. Some of the thysanopoda are phosphorescent and contribute to the luminosity of the sea.

Conundrum Man Once More.

Chicago Post.

"Say," whispered the man with the iridescent whiskers and the green handkerchief, leaning over the desk of the man with the bashful bald spot, "I've got a dandy for you today. You can use it if you want to. It's nothing to me. I believe when a man's a friend of a man he ought to give the man the benefit of what good ideas come to him from time to time. Live and let live is my motto."

"We're not handling mottoes today. What is the other thing?" asks the man at the desk, absent-mindedly trying to sharpen his fountain pen.

"What is the difference between a policeman who got his appointment through the influence of a brother-in-law who is in cahoots with an alderman and who is detailed to arrest people who have no vehicle license upon their wagons and carriages, and a civil service clerk whose duties consist of registering the description and numbers of automobiles?"

"Why is a policeman who arrests three dozen hoboes less four like a man who happens up an alley and finds a chunk of dynamite in a handbook shop?" asks the man with the hiatus on his head. "Because he has located bum 32. Good morning!"

"Very well," hisses the man with the luminous whiskers. "Very well! The answer to mine is that one n

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 240,000

The man who wants but little here below never gets much.

China and Japan are again at peace. Japan has got what she wanted.

Many a nice, sweet blossom has been spoiled to make a Ben Davis apple.

Barbers are not what they used to be. One in Chicago has had lockjaw.

Anyway, there is no record of Harry Thaw having written any poetry.

We haven't read of anybody splitting his sides over the jokes in the tariff law.

"What is wine?" is Dr. Wiley's latest. That man certainly has a lot of curiosity.

Either Kansas corn or Kansas liars will continue to hold the record for another year.

Mr. Burbank is going too far. We've never heard of a demand for a seedless watermelon.

It looks as if Harry Thaw would have to make up his mind to be permanently crazy.

The tariff bill cost $4,000,000, but it would hardly bring that much if put up at auction.

It is announced that Harry Thaw's lawyer is not discouraged. Then Harry isn't broke.

The average man can not help admiring a clever liar, although he may not care to admit it.

The Ohio penitentiary may not be as bad as reported. Still, it is bad enough to keep out of.

They are looking for a wife for the young shah of Persia, but he would rather have his mamma.

A Chicago physician, it is said, advises dyspeptics to eat pie for breakfast. Wonder what brand.

It must be a long road home to the persons who fail to get a farm in a government land drawing.

With a new Chinese minister at Washington, will all the old questions have to be answered again?

The secretary of the treasury wants more artistic paper money. Sure, let's all go in for art, and more of it.

"We all have our trials," says a Texas preacher. No doubt Harry Thaw thoroughly agrees with him.

Oklahoma has been suffering from intense heat. But so far Governor Haskell has not been blamed for it.

A California man has invented a pair of wings which cost him $7,000. That is one way to make the money fly.

While Uncle Joe Cannon may know a great many things, he hasn't made any special study of the art of retiring.

Probably the worst of it is that Uncle Joe Cannon doesn't care a whole lot what people say about him.

Fourteen chicks were found in a case of eggs shipped from Missouri to Chicago. They were absolutely fresh chicks.

In advocating the elimination of the $2 bill we have already gathered a lot of followers. Most people prefer the fives and tens.

The elimination of blondes may not please the young man who has his mind on one who is dearer than all the world to him.

President Taft wants every nose to count in next year's census. He doesn't care anything about the politics of any particular nose.

A Connecticut coffin factory has been forced to shut down on account of poor business. The new tariff cannot be held responsible.

The United States government fears more trouble from Cuba. Probably the weather of that island country is too hot for self-government.

One professor says a special kind of whale was created to swallow Jonah. That makes it clear. It is a wonder nobody thought of that before.

In a thousand years, according to a medical expert, our feet will have turned to hoofs. O, blessed dream of a cornless and bunionless era!

The orator at a family reunion imagines he is the whole thing, but the woman who concocts the most succulent pies has him frazzled to a finish.

It is said that the girls who drew farms in the recent government drawing are all good looking. That may be because a girl with a farm looks good.

Uncle Joe Cannon says he is going to "die with his boots on." And if the cartoonists have their way about it he will also have a cigar in his mouth.

A countess tells girls not to wed until they are twenty-five. She doesn't seem to understand that girls do not accept advice on the subject of matrimony.

One college professor is carrying a hod this summer, because he likes the work. Which seems much better than saying foolish things for publication or starting a new religion.

THE CHEERFUL CABIN.

Scattered here and there throughout northwestern Ohio and lower Michigan and without doubt in other parts of which we cannot speak, remain the cabins of the first settlers. Few are used as dwellings, but their service is not lost. They shelter farm animals, oftener the implements of the tiller and more frequently still the grain and hay and products destined not for the market, but for the home consumption.

The old house of a later period upon which evil days have fallen is a sorrowful sight. The broken bricks or the paintless boards suggest the funeral. One thinks of hopes shattered, of fortunes wrecked, of families bowed and broken with its losses and griefs. But the log cabin, by some accident of weather, or it may be by its own manifest sturdiness and unassuming self-dependence, rarely is depressing. Its cheerfulness does not fail though its windows may be gone, its door is choked with weeds and its curling shingles are shadowed in the dark and mournful pines for which our forebears had a singular fondness. And the reason for this unfailing friendliness and sunny air is, we like to believe, that the cabin of the north and west was builded by strong and undismayed youth. The men who hewed the logs were, most of them, of the age which nowadays is not yet through singing college songs. The women who leaned over the caverns of fireplaces and found pride in the ample quarters of a home of which they were for the first time mistress, were scores upon scores of them in their teens. The forest was an enemy to be conquered. The sullen, backward earth was to be broken and enslaved and made to give tribute. Discouragement, we know, caused the abandonment of many cabins. Sickness, war and the constant appeal of the western horizon closed others. But—it is a thing of which Americans can never be too proud—it is surprising how few of the pioneers failed.

An age of high nobility! The most humble cabin tells us that.

CANADA'S COMPLAINT.

An agreement entered into by the British and American governments in 1817, known as the Rush-Bagot convention, limited the number and size of naval vessels to be maintained on the Great Lakes. No ship was to exceed one hundred tons and none was to carry more than one eighteen-pound gun. One man-of-war could be maintained on Lake Ontario and two on the upper lakes.

The United States has now one vessel on Lake Ontario, five on the upper lakes and three others unarmed. Eighteen-pound guns are no longer made, the American vessels on the lakes carrying about fifty modern rifles, of which twenty are four-inch. Canada has only one naval vessel on the upper lakes and this has not a single gun. America's violation of the treaty is, of course, only an apparent one since the warships are, most of them, in the hands of naval militia and are only indirectly controlled by the federal government.

Complaints have recently been made to Washington by the Canadian government. The Dominion does not care to have the 1817 convention abrogated, because she wishes to avoid the expense of a naval equipment on the lakes. She holds the key to the upper lakes through the possession of the Welland canal, and would be disturbed by the placing of warship contracts among the yards upon the lakes.

The situation is a more delicate one for Canada than for the United States. Our neighbor realizes that she has advantages of importance, yet, at the same time, she desires the further assurance of a strict interpretation of the old treaty. It will be interesting to see if Canada succeeds in holding tight to her position of geographical vantage and still has her apprehensions quieted.

IN THE COUNTRY.

This is the beginning of the season when the farmer has need for all his store of patience. As the fruit in his orchard ripens his temper is tried and his powers for suppressing exasperation sorely tested. For with every tree there springs up a despoiler.

Tradition makes it an escapade to steal apples and peaches in the orchard. Judges refuse to consider the thing a crime or a misdemeanor. Many magistrates consider a complaint against one who has looted fruit trees too trivial for their courts and are inclined to be severe or sarcastic with the complainant.

But the case is a far different one if the fruit is stolen from a grocery store. The world looks at the theft through another pair of spectacles. This constitutes stealing, in the opinion of petty judges. Punishment, instead of a wink and a sign of fond recollection, is delivered from the bench.

City dwellers are rarely sympathetic at thought of the troubles of the farmer folk. They pronounce an agriculturist who has called a halt to the shooting of his cattle a crabbed old bear. If he protects his orchard, or his melon patch, he is a miser. The owner of city property can fume to the point of apoplexy against children trespassers. He is heartily disgusted, however, when the farmer puts up signs warning off hunters and becomes wrathful at sight of unfriendly dogs patrolling fences.

MILITARY REVOLUTION.

"The old order changeth" in things military as in matters civil and social. England now stands amazed at plans for an imperial army which are about to bring the traditional scheme of defense shattering to the ground in a thousand bits. It is a revolution—a revolution of progress, a force and a lever for democracy, the end of which not even the dreamers have paused to speculate upon.

Since the great families drove James II. out of England, in 1698, and assumed the reins if not the name of government, it has been custom for younger sons of the mighty—sometimes if there is no younger son then the only son—to enter the army. The plan worked fairly well in the American wars and was a tremendous success in the Napoleonic wars. Signs of degeneracy began to show in the Crimea. The Boer war beheld the army of the gentry futile, stupid—efficient only in its dogged and showy courage. Ways of warfare had changed, but the English army subaltern had not. War called for students. The English army shone in society, but was weak in technical knowledge and capacity for learning. War called for men who minded neither grease nor dust, torn garments nor shaggy mounts. Kipling tells of a young commissioned officer who commanded men to halt the repair of a bridge in order to police a camp. The officer, when reprimanded, remarked disgustedly that the service was getting filled with "bounders" and going to the devil.

The new army is to be one of "bounders," commanded in part by men who cannot show a family lineage farther back than a butcher shop maybe, but firm of jaw, hard of muscle, eagle-eyed and highly efficient. When Hilaire Belloc served his enlistment in a French battery his captain was a man promoted from the ranks. One of the lieutenants was an Alsatian charity boy and the other was a rich sugar broker. The sergeant of the piece was a poor young noble, another comrade the son of a rich chemist, the man in the next bed a cook and his bombardier a farmer—the democracy of conscription. It is such an army as English patriots desire—it is such that England must have if English soldiers are to cross arms with German.

THE SOLDIER AT PRACTICE.

The glory of soldiering is in the throbbing drums, the flying flags and the waving handkerchiefs among the multitude. A body of troops enlisted in Cleveland during the Civil war is famous for having exhausted all the glories of things military in the course of one afternoon. It paraded through the town, countermarched, and tramped with set, stoic faces to the train. Then it mounted the car platforms, dropped to the ground on the other side and dispersed to its separate homes. It has been given to few other soldiers in history to make so satisfying an ending of an expedition.

Down in New England, two armies of considerable force are going through their maneuvers shorn of all the trappings and baggage of glory. They are fighting each other with solemn show of purpose and sincerity. They are fighting the elements with such means at hand, which are rather to be reviled than boasted. Reputations as effective shelters can never be claimed for trees, the sheer wall of a house, the underside of a railroad trestle. This is the protection by day. Of nights, we read, the rains drown out the fires, fill the ditches and pour with something that almost looks like enthusiasm under the canvas of the dog tents. A soldier might sing, "Throw Out the Life Line," with honest humor on the occasion of the first of such an adventure. He would never do it the second night.

There is a line among the poets, "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight." The soldier lifting his feet and setting them down again among the generous hills of Massachusetts is not troubled with visions of this sort.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

During our last year's subscription season of ten months we gave to our subscribers for raising clubs nearly 15,000 pairs of Nottingham lace curtains. This has proved the most popular premium ever offered by The Blade, and we have contracted for an increased number for this season, which we will freely give upon terms stated below. We do not sell these curtains, but give one pair free, postpaid by mail, for every club of ten subscribers. The announcement we make this week is intended especially for those whose time expires next month. One month later we shall make the same announcement for those whose time expires the following month, and so on, each and every month in order.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By September 1st those whose subscriptions expire during September should have our propositions. If not received by September 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the world, having now a quarter of a million subscribers and over a million readers. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to September subscribers only, and 30 days later the October people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our September propositions by October 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with October subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our September names and a large number of new ones as well.

WATERWAYS AND CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS

A great and increasing interest is taken in the movement to develop the waterways of the country. It is recognized that water transportation, where goods and material shipped need be handled only once and where time is not an urgent factor, is immensely cheaper than shipments by rail. Monopoly, too, could be fought by means of canals and deepened rivers, and freight charges held down. But, though hundreds of advantages can be cited for a waterways system, there can be such a thing as over-enthusiasm in the cause, prodigious waste of public funds and much work undertaken which will prove wasteful and unnecessary.

The deepening and widening of canals now existing and the digging of new systems will be a labor the benefits of which cannot be reaped in this generation. All that the present may gain is the interest on bonds, the profits for contractors and the incidental business which the works will create. No enterprise should be undertaken without the most painstaking thought of the costs and the engineering difficulties, without consideration as to the relation of the burden placed upon the future to the conveniences and advantages the future will harvest. We all owe that duty to the posterity.

For this reason we believe public bodies, if only as a matter of patriotism and forethought, should hesitate to endorse and advocate plans presented by persons who may have no better argument to present than their own enthusiasm. It is an easy matter to petition the federal government to spend money—too easy, in truth. But civic organizations, if anybody in the world does, hold a responsible position toward the government. Unconsidered employment of the institution of the petition weakens its force—weakens, too, the strength which civic organizations should have in Washington.

THE POWER OF POWERS.

Universal peace, the brotherhood of man, the uplift of the downtrodden, happiness and liberty now undreamed of, we are told, could be brought about by agreement among the strongest of powers.

Observe how international compacts succeed in the case of Crete. Here is a little island people, sturdy, independent, with strong racial patriotism and deep faith in the Christian religion. They have aspirations for nationality, nursing the hopes and ambitions to which the world thinks every people are not only entitled, but also should have if they amount to more than the beasts of the field. But England, Russia, France and Italy, acting as police officers, insist that these things are not to be in Crete. They bully the islanders with warships and landing parties. They pull down the island flags. They say to the Cretans, "Stay where we put you or it will be the worse for you." The Mohammedan religion is forced upon them, though it is everything that is hateful and revolting to these folk of Greek stock. Turkish governors are backed up by the war vessels of the powers, though Turkish administration is notoriously corrupt and barbarous. Turkish privileges, the Turkish right to monopoly in trade, the Turkish concessions to cheat and harass and persecute, have the concerted support of four Christian nations—England, Russia, France and Italy.

If centuries of strength and prosperity and influence can make such a lamentable failure in the cause of humanity and decency in such a little spot upon the earth as Crete, what chance in the great world without is there for the cessation of war, brotherly love, the abolishment of tyranny and the spread of liberty and happiness by international unity?

THE HORSE.

The steam railroad ruined the business of the stage coaches and of freight hauling by wagon. The trolley, the bicycle and the automobile each has been a factor in displacing the horse. Yet, today, horses bring a higher price in the market than they ever did before. Incidentally horseshoers, according to a member of the craft in Buffalo, are getting higher wages, enjoy a shorter working day and find more to do than before the electric car, the bicycle and the motor car were thought of.

The horse maintains as close a relationship with humanity as ever. He is not displaced on the farm, though mechanical appliances for the farmer's aid multiply. Heavy auto trucks are gaining in popularity, but no one is prepared to state positively that fewer horses are used for hauling purposes. The electric car takes the people of the rural districts to town more frequently, but it has also taken people to the country who find need for horses. The bicycle and the automobile threw horseback riding as a sport into eclipse for a while, but there are signs of the old interest and fondness.

It may be that the horse is passing out of his fearful slavery. He is treated better than he used to be. Lighter burdens are put upon him and the laws of communities see that he is not misused. In a gentler age the horse may be only a family pet, his work a parade and exercise.

EUROPEAN PLATE GLASS TRUST.

Costly competition and the rising costs of materials without compensating rise in the price of products, have been moving causes for the formation of trusts in America. They are responsible for the flotation of the powerful plate glass trust of Europe.

Every factory in Europe either belongs to the combination or else works in perfect harmony and understanding with it. French interests dominate in nine plate glass works, Belgian in nine and Germany in five. Two factories in England, four in Russia, one under English control in France and one in Belgium, said to have American financial backing, are outside the trust.

The syndicate has cut out the middlemen, dealing directly with the consumer, fixes and maintains a scale of prices to which all factories outside, as well as in the trust, conform, and regulates the production.

The syndicate by agreement limits the running time of the works to 126 days in the year, but to avoid the imposition of long spells of idleness upon workmen the plants, instead of closing down completely for 180 days out of 306 working days, regulate capacity to permit part of the force to work throughout the twelve months.

LUXURY.

The advertisements inform us that nowhere else in the world is traveling so luxurious as upon American railroads. Comfort, relief from the vexations of doing things for oneself which obsequious porters might do instead, pleasure and entertainment—these are said to have reached their pinnacle in the United States.

The Shanghai-Nanking railway controls the passenger business between Shankhai and Peking, a train making the journey in twenty-four hours. The American consul at Nanking writes of it:

The trains are arranged for the greatest comfort of the passengers, with beautifully upholstered leather compartments, electric lights, and up-to-date lavatories, so that one can travel on the Shanghai-Nanking railway with the same comfort as at home, while the push button for food or refreshments brings immediate answer, and the usual good service of competent Chinese boys is always the rule.

Every five minutes the hot-towel coolie offers you this means of refreshing your face and hands, the towels being perfumed with eau de cologne, and steaming hot. One may carry his own towels and have them immersed in hot water, or can make use of the lavatory where hot and cold water is supplied.

Until American companies substitute leather upholstering for the unsanitary plush they cannot boast comfort, or, at least, the removal of suspicion and uneasiness. When food and refreshment are brought to you—and promptly—upon the touching of a bell, then is there true pleasure and entertainment. The hot towel coolie is a distant and vague service of luxury which we may never hope to be familiar with.

RESOLUTIONS.

Recommending that if soldiers must be maintained they be employed at police duty instead of kept in idleness.

Deploring the mimic war game now in progress in Massachusetts as a mistake and a needless expense.—Resolutions adopted at the forty-third convention of the National Peace Society.

Why make soldiers policemen only? Why not urge upon the country the necessity of employing them as government clerks or umbrella menders? As congressmen, a great amount of money could be saved. When Kansas yelps for harvest hands, what better plan than turning loose a regiment or two of "idlers" into the wheat fields? Members of the Peace Congress must occasionally feel the burden of their solemn dignity. Soldiers handy to bear it about when the load gets too heavy would afford immense relief. By all means don't let an army, the working day of which begins at daybreak and closes heaven knows when, be "kept in idleness."

Furthermore—to translate the second resolution—if we must have an army, don't permit it, under any consideration, to be an effective one.

OVERWORKED.

The inventor of the telephone tried to sell a half interest in the patent rights to Don Cameron for some ridiculously small sum and was ordered from the office.

We wish Professor Bell had never told that story. If he had realized the consequences he would undoubtedly have proceeded to forget it. He is a fair man and a just one and would not have fastened an affliction upon the world if he could have foreseen how that matter of the blindness of Don Cameron would be strained and overworked and employed upon all sorts of strange and mysterious business.

A prospectus for a flying machine company is at hand. The aeroplane has never been builded, its design never tested, yet the inventor informs the public that his machine will carry a searchlight, a wireless station and an electric signalling device in addition to motive power, operators and passengers. A modification of that ancient story of Bell and the political boss of Pennsylvania is offered as a clinching argument to the investor.

The man with a patent rat-trap, the one with an improvement in dynamos, the claimant to the discovery of perpetual motion, quote the story. Mill promoters, stock salesmen, schemers of every kind, tell of that lost opportunity—with the broad inference that such another is now within your grasp, if you will only grab.

There is consolation in the faith that Professor Bell, himself, has not escaped these boomers and their wearisome story.

ON BEING OUT OF TRAINING.

A sculptor of a school famous for its freedom from the taint of imitation and fixed ideas has more than usually been fortunate in the capture of competitive prizes. He says the way he does it is to go into hard training before he begins to think of a design. When his muscles are hard and springy, his mind healthy and all life to him is becoming interesting and joyous then he turns to pencil and clay.

Men have done so much when in poor physical condition that we are inclined to be supercilious about this matter of exercise. It would be more sensible to regret that great men of poor physique had not been fortunate in their well-being since they might have accomplished so much more. One man who has shown a capacity for mental work which has astonished the world is at the same time an enthusiast for exercise. His successor in office is devoting as much of his sunmmer as he can to golf, and there are stories that he has put on the gloves with a "professor" of note. Winter will find him—in sporting parlance—hard as nails and fit as a fiddle.

Many fat men look upon another afflicted with too much flesh with something akin to disgust. They recognize the man out of condition. The athlete has no more hearty admirers than the unathletic. It is not followers of trades which keep them in perfect health you will see the most of at baseball games, but men whose figures and complexions proclaim them workers in offices. Their delight in ball playing is not untinged with envy.

There are excuses for being out of training—the most important is the lack of opportunity for proper exercise and instruction in exercise. Gymnasiums, the ball fields, the golf links are surrendered almost entirely to the fit and the skillful. The men who will bring a Billy Muldoon camp to every city ought to make fortunes. They will at least win the gratitude of many scores of the portly and short-winded.

A NEIGHBOR TO A FOREST RESERVE

Local interests and local issues are making themselves manifest in the disputes over the forestry reserves. The man with investments, mining claims or sawmills within the forestry area naturally shouts the "evils of Pinchotism." The community which has builded its homes upon the borders of reserves looks with longing across the reservation lines. The acres that might be plowed under, the streams that might be harnessed, the trees that might be felled, tantalize the local capitalist and money-lender.

A subscriber, indignant with The Blade for its sympathy with the conservation movement, sends us a copy of the Owens Valley Herald, whose sub-title is the Inyo Mining Review, published at Bishop, Inyo county, California. The Chamber of Commerce of Bishop, reports the Herald, has "entered the lists against the unjust encroachments of the forest reserve." The Nevada-California Power company, exploiting the waters of Bishop creek, has twice been forced to move because it had located plants upon government land. Therefore—to quote the Herald and Mining Review:

Pinchot "represents the powerful lumber and railway interests and the coal interests."

"The government charges $1 a cord for fallen timber. Formerly men who hauled it into Bishop asked $3 a cord, but since the government claims its dollar the price to Bishop has gone to $12. Rank Pinchotism."

"If only one-half of the land withdrawn by Pinchot unjustly be taken up it would add immediately $5,000,000 to the assessed valuation of Inyo county."

"The rank injustice (of Pinchot) stamps upon him an indelible mark of self-interest and villainy."

"An American citizen—just an ordinary American citizen who is seeking for a home in this valley—cannot secure one acre of this choice land."

What is the policy of saving American forests from devastation, the prevention of soil erosion, the steps taken to guard against destructive floods, to one whose heart yearns for private possession, whose palm itches for the immediate dollar?

HOW DIRECTORS DIRECT.

When banks go to the wall there are none so surprised and grieved as those directors who have dodged board meetings and left their responsibilities to others. Their illusions are shattered and their trust in humankind twisted and gnarled.

A series of questions was framed by the comptroller of the treasury and sent to the directors of all the national banks. From these the comptroller, Mr. Lawrence O. Murray, has learned that only twenty-five per cent were able to state the real conditions of their institutions. Four per cent admitted that they knew nothing at all about the banks they were supposed to govern. Less than thirty-two per cent of the directors had given approval to the loans made. In the remainder of the banks the loans were left entirely to the discretion of the officers. Eighty per cent were not prepared to certify to the genuineness of notes discounted and six per cent tacitly permitted overdrafts.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a well conducted bank. The director who avoids the labors for which his position calls, who counts upon other directors to carry his obligations and concerns himself more with dividends than with duties, not only lays himself open to the chances of rude awekening, but also does the public and the business of banking an immeasurable injury.

THE SUTTON MYSTERY.

The mystery surrounding the death of Lieutenant Sutton has not been dissipated by the findings of the board of inquiry. The officer was killed, said the board, either by accident for which he himself was directly responsible, or else he committed suicide. Medical experts testified that the wound which caused death could not have been self-inflicted. There was brought forth no adequate testimony which would indicate a motive for suicide. The points made clear are that all the officers in the party were drunk and have little remembrance of the quarrels and the shooting.

Where this affair touches the public most closely is the revelation of lack of discipline in the service. The marine corps has a well-earned reputation for efficiency. Its record is an honorable one. In the sixtieth congress impassioned protests were raised against the abandonment of the marine corps service. Naval men recognize that the modern ironclad has made marines an anachronism. But congress, holding itself as it always does, superior to the special knowledge and opinions of experts, refused to support this view.

It is a law of nature that when a thing becomes useless it begins to degenerate. Would it not be well to disband the marine corps before this decay becomes a scandal, disband it while it is still virile, true to its traditions and held in respect?

Towpath Time.

'Tis towpath time in far-away
Green Maryland fields of yesterday;
The berm banks bloom, the locks are tight
Far up the old canal that wends
To where the glad, green country ends
In vales of dream and hills of light;
And broad Potomac's ripples sing
The crystal canticles of spring:
Towpath time, from Cumberland
To Georgetown's wharves of sleep;
And down the old canal the ghosts
Of old-time barges creep.

'Tis towpath time, with mules to hitch;
The horn blows at Catoctin switch;
The keeper stirs, the old life wakes,
The sunlight through the hill gaps
slakes
Its thirst in Big Pool—far o'erhead
A vulture's wide black wings are spread;
Down lift and level, far away
The boats drift out of yesterday:
Towpath time from Cumberland
To Harper's Ferry still;
And horns of ghostly keepers sound
Through rock-hewn gap and hill.

'Tis towpath time at Williamsport,
And down the old stream past the fort
The wild grape buds on cliff and dell
Have felt the touch of springtime's spell.
Let in the water, winter's o'er;
Hitch up the mules, there's coal to tow
To Georgetown wharves of long ago
Down by the broad Potomac's shore:
Towpath time from Cumberland
To Point of Rocks, and by;
With April on the hills of bloom
And violets in the sky.

'Tis towpath time—Oh, see them come
To turn the water in! That hum
Of drowsy movement, sovereign toil
Sweet with the bloom spell of the soil;
The old boat with the wash out fine
Where round he deckhouse runs the line,
Six rabbit dogs, a woman steering,
With eyes through torn sunbonnet peering:
Towpath time from Cumberland,
By level, lock and wier
To cities of the dreams of men
Far back in yesteryear.

'Tis towpath time, and I am there,
Along the old line anywhere:
Five-mile level, old Dam Four,
A green, still world of lilt and lore;
A sleepy, lazy, cob-pipe life,
Eight children and a mule, a wife,
A hound dog and a merry heart—
Hitch up the mules and let us start:
Towpath time from Cumberland
Far down and down the stream,
Through quiet levels, lovely hills,
And many a mile of dream!

—Baltimore Sun.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

married a squaw. After forty years the squaw died and Jim went back East, married a school-teacher in the home town and brought her back.

The Bidwells hadn't been home long when the kind and loving ladies of the place called around.

"Of course," they said, with many smirks and side glances—"Of course, Mrs. Bidwell, you understand, or maybe you don't know, that your husband's first wife was an Indian—that he married a squaw."

"Yes," replied the second Mrs. Bidwell sweetly, "I have been told so, and judging from the white women I have seen here I don't blame him."

And that was about all.

Saturday Evening Post.

"Now politics," said Private John Allen, reminiscently, "is a mighty uncertain and precarious business. You can never tell where you are going to come out.

"There was a fellow once down in my state of Mississippi, who had ambitions. He wanted to go to congress, but he couldn't get the Democratic nomination. So he decided to turn Republican and run on the Republican ticket. He ran."

The Private stopped and puffed at his cigar. "Well," said everybody, "what happened?"

"Why, he got two votes and was arrested for repeating."

Boston Record.

A small boy went into a South Boston drug store, wrinkled his face, rubbed his head and rubbed his left foot up and down his right leg in an effort to remember something that had escaped him.

"Say," he began, "will you tell me the name of the place where we Americans have so many soldiers?"

"Fort Sheridan?"

"Oh, no; it's further away than that and a new place."

"The Philippines?"

"That ain't just it, but it's somewhere around there."

"Perhaps you mean Manila."

"Manila! That's right! I knew I would get it after a while. I want a bottle of Manila extract for flavoring. They're goin' to have ice cream."

Ladies' Home Journal.

A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, madam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed. "They have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

Success.

"Got any work this mornin', Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be intrusted to him.

"No," was the response, and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution, "but wait a minute. Lawyer Phillips has owed me $20 for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half."

The merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer.

The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group he called in stentorian tones:

"Mistah Phillips, suh!"

"Well?" querried the lawyer, much annoyed.

"Mistah Boyd done tell me that you've owed him $20 for about 100 years, and kin you pay him, suh?"

The lawyer hurried to Billy's side.

"You idiot," he said, sotto voice, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a $10 bill into the old man's hand.

Back to the merchant toddled the old man.

"Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?"

The old man grinned.

"I dun got my half all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—he's right smart over it, suh!"

Washington Star.

"I dined with Somerset Maugham at the Ritz, in London," said a poet. "Maugham, who now grinds out a comedy every month or two, began by writing tragedies in German.

"'From tragedies in German to Mrs. Dot!' I cried. 'How did you come to it, Somerset?'

"He peeled the silver wrapping from a great black cigar.

"'My German tragedies,' he said, 'had few hearers, and these hearers were sympathetic. I, in those days, was like the science professor who found one night that his audience consisted of but a single person.

"The amphitheatre was very large. The audience, a little man, sat high up and far back on the last bench.

"'My friend,' said the professor, genially, 'why don't you come nearer? You would hear much better on the front row.'

"'Aw, rats,' said the audience, 'I didn't come in to listen to you. I came to get warm.'"

When a once famous member returned to the house of commons after a by-election for Knaresborough, his unusually delayed appearance was commented upon in the presence of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The newly elected member, though a wealthy man, was known to be extremely careful about sixpences. "Isn't it odd," some one said, "Tom Collins doesn't turn up?" "Not at all, not at all," said Sir Wilfrid; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself had to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting round the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground-squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?"

They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer it himself.

"Why," he said, "because they always begin to dig at the other end of the hole."

"But," one asked, "how does he get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

Varieties

Sunlight is said to check infectious epidemics.

Smoking was a penal offense at one time in Turkey.

Four minutes, forty-five and a half seconds is the "under water record."

Only 30 per cent of the inhabitants of Sicily are able to read and write.

Damascus has an electric tramway, the daily receipts of which average $176.

Sketching in public places is prohibited by the police regulations of London.

It is said there are one million Egyptians who can neither read nor write.

There are "blind spots" on the tongue which are insensible to certain flavors.

The Austrian war office has ordered two large dirigible balloons for the army.

The first pocket timepieces were called "Nuremberg eggs," after the city of their origin.

Last year about thirty thousand persons visited the birthplace of Shakespeare.

Whiteboards are being substituted for blackboards in some of the English schools.

The Marconi system has been installed on more than two hundred merchantile vessels.

Every German army corps possesses six balloons for observation and signaling purposes.

Spanish women have the smallest feet, but those of the United States wear the best shod.

A tablet to Auenbrugger, the "father of percussion," has recently been installed at Vienna.

There are four thousand electric lights in the streets of the ancient city of Damascus.

Russia is the largest producer of barley; Germany is second, and the United States a close third.

The tungsten incandescent lamp is the first artificial light by which all colors can be distinguished.

American plows and cultivators are turning up the soil in more than seventy countries and colonies.

English agricultural societies have started a sparrow crusade. Bounties are paid for birds and eggs.

Central Park, New York, is to be lighted by electricity. It will take 1,800 arc lamps to light the park.

As a general rule roots extend to each side of a tree to a distance equal to the height of the tree itself.

The theory of gravitation was advanced by Kepler in 1617, 70 years before Newton announced his discovery.

An average orange tree produces 20,000 oranges and an average lemon tree 8,000 lemons.

Illuminated signs are a feature on some of the subway cars in New York. The sign tells the name of the next stop.

More than 1,000,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from the sea by Holland since the sixteenth century.

Three million dollars will be spent in building a subway for electric cars under the harbor at Sydney, New South Wales.

Canton, China, is the coldest place on the globe for its latitude, the one place in the tropics where snow occasionally falls.

Italy every year uses 1,860 tons of orange blossoms and 1,000 tons of roses in the manufacture of perfumery.

Instructions in "baby minding" are given to the students of the London garden schools. Babies are borrowed for the purpose.

In Prussia recently a burglar was convicted on the evidence of teeth marks in an apple which he had bitten while engaged in his thievery.

Artificial silk manufactured by a new patent process is one of the new shipments from England to America, and apparently a growing one.

A Belgian pigeon trainer has been experimenting with swallows in the place of homing pigeons, and says that they have the advantage of great speed.

Experiments are being made with aerial torpedoes in Germany. The torpedoes are driven by electric motors and it is hoped to control them by wireless.

The busiest spot in the world is said to be in the vicinity of Mansion House, London, where 37 vehicles pass every minute during the day.

The trade of the United States with its noncontiguous territory in the fiscal year 1909 exceeded that of any previous year, and was more than three times as much as a decade ago.

Roller skating is popular in the far east. In Calcutta, at a rink on the Maiden, as many as 6,000 rinkers and spectators, nearly all foreigners, have been seen in one day.

Nearly £500 a year, the city engineer reports, is received from selling waste paper collected in London, and last year £141 was derived from the sale of things found in the city's refuse.

John Salmon, a Yankee in Ceylon, has got rich by detecting pearls in oysters by X-ray. The best part is it detects seed pearls, and such oysters are put into special plants to develop.

Out of 1,358 begging letters received in London by a charitable association, 6 per cent were found to have come from swindlers, and of the remaining 13 per cent only 5 per cent were found to be really destitute.

At a recent convention of waiter girls in Munich it was resolved that efforts should be made to emancipate themselves from the fee system by insisting on minimum wages in hotels and taverns of 75 cents to $1 a day.

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker celebrated his 92d birthday on June 30. His scientific career began 70 years ago when he went out as surgeon, and naturalist with Sir James Ross' Antarctic expedition.

The production of mica in this country for the last year was valued at a little more than a quarter of a million dollars. Nearly all of this is used in the electrical industry, as mica is one of the best insulating materials known.

Farms are now to be found in many States which have been systematically cleared of cattle tuberculosis by persistent testing and retesting, accompanied by thorough isolation, removal or destruction of reacting animals.

The volcanic islands known as the Bogeslof islands, of the Aleutian archipelago, Alaska, have been ordered set apart and reserved for the use of the department of agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds.

Edward B. Sterling, of Trenton, N. J., has discovered in the outskirts of that town the largest specimen of polyporus on record. The mushroom weighs 50 pounds, is 13 inches in height and measures 105 inches in circumference.

It has been discovered that the ancient volume over which the students pores is full of germs; and some people say that the danger should not be faced without a silk and wire mask to go over the mouth and nose. The readers mask used in Paris.

A successful mechanical process for the sterilization of books has been recently devised in France, and a suggestion is being considered providing for the establishment of plants in different parts of the city for the treatment of the volumes used in the schools.

The two Waterside stations of the New York Edison company, in First avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets, New York city, are said to make, together, the largest electric light and power plant in the world, capable of supplying 500,000 horsepower of electrical installation.

Forty years ago the stretch between El Monte, in Los Angeles county, and San Bernardino was known as the "Forty-Mile Desert," and was gone over what dreaded by teamsters. Today, thanks to irrigation, there are to be found in that section some of the finest vineyards and orange groves of California.

Cuba probably has the smallest humming bird in the world—Calypte Helenae (named after Princess Christian); but it may have a rival in the business in a Peruvian species of Acestrura. The Calypte Helenae is an exquisite little creature not quite two and one-half inches long, with a forked crimson gorget.

When the llama is too heavily loaded, about 125 pounds, the wise beast lies down right then and there and goes on strike and refuses to budge a peg despite any amount of coaxing, beating or swearing—actually knows the weight his burden should be almost to an ounce, so that's what they all say in the Andes.

Coming over on an ocean liner an old lady complained to the captain that she had

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3012—Ladies' Waist, with Body Lining. A very pretty model for satin or messaline for an evening waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2265—Ladies' Waist, with high or low neck, long or elbow sleeves and body lining. Alice blue ecclienne trimmed with all-over cream-colored lace was used in the development of this stylish model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2234—Girls' Dress, with plaited skirt and a separate guimpe. A pretty little model for navy blue cashmere worn over a guimpe of embroidered batiste. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2905—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with permanent turn-down collar and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers. A neat model for linen serge or flannel. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

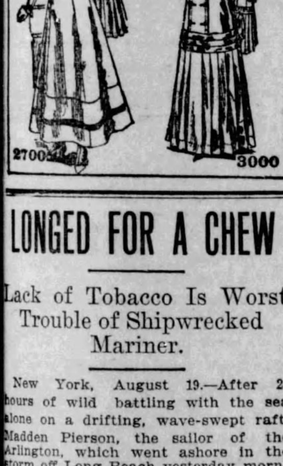
2341—Ladies' Seven-Gored Flare Skirt. For the every-day skirt of shepherd's plaid, mohair, serge or Panama cloth, this is an excellent model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2706—Ladies' Six-Gored Corslet Skirt, closing at left side of front. Adaptable to any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3003—Girls' Reefer. A neat little model for school wear is here shown, developed in navy blue serge. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2700—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress in "Gibson" style and having an attached seven-gored skirt. Dark red French serge was used in the development of this neat model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3000—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Princess Dress, closing at left side front seam, having plaited flounce, a removable chemisette and fancy or two-seam plain sleeves. The model here illustrated was developed in black taffetas. 6 sizes—32 to 42.



2480—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. Adaptable to heavy linen, madras, mercerized poplin or Taffetas. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

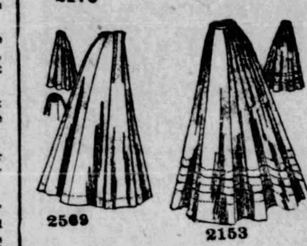
2526—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Plastron front. Fine white lawn embroidered in shadow embroidery would be very pretty developed in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2176—Girls' Dress, with three-quarter length sleeves. Adaptable to cross-barred lawn, gingham, shepherd plaid or any of the pretty plaid worsteds. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2852—Girls' Dress, closing at back with Princess front panel and elbow sleeves. Pale blue linen was used in the development of this pretty model, the panel being trimmed with hand embroidery. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2569—Ladies' Nine-Gored Maternity Skirt, with extra length at top and extra width under front box-plait for readjusting and having an inverted box-plait at the back. Adaptable to any desired material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2153—Misses' Seven-Gored Tucked Skirt. A pretty model for any of the sheer materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.



2805—Childs' Dress, with front yoke. Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook or batiste are pretty developed in this style. 4 sizes—½ to 6 years.

2065—Ladies' Kimono Dressing Sack. Cretonne, plain or flowered lawn, silk or flannel may all be used for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2467—Maids or Nurses Aprons. Lawn, nainsook, bastiste or cambric are the best materials for this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2992—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. Heavy linen, rep, pongee or foulard make up stylish in this neat model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

SUTTON NOT MURDERED

The Shot Was Self-Inflicted, Possibly by Accident, Says the Court.

Washington, Aug. 18.—"Lieutenant Sutton is directly and solely responsible for his own death, which was self-inflicted, either intentionally or in an effort to shoot one of the persons restraining him, and his death was not caused by any other injury whatever."

This is the verdict of the navy court of inquiry which for some weeks has had under investigation the cause of the death at Annapolis Naval Academy in October, 1907, of Second Lieutenant N. Sutton, of the United States Marine Corps, which verdict has been approved by the judge advocate general of the navy and by Assistant and Acting Secretary of the Navy Winthrop.

Officers Sharply Criticised.

The court also finds:

That Lieutenant Utley failed in his duty as senior officer present, under article 266, U. S. navy regulations, 1909, in permitting Lieutenant Sutton to run away and arm himself instead of calling on those present for assistance and following Lieutenant Sutton, preventing his arming himself, by force if necessary, and turning him over to the custody of the officer of the day.

That Lieutenant Bevan, officer of the guard, failed in his duty as officer of the guard in not disarming Lieutenant Sutton by force, while in front of his, Sutton's, tent.

That Lieutenant Willing, the officer of the day, failed in his duty as officer of the day in not immediately assisting by force in helping to disarm Lieutenant Sutton when he arrived on the scene before the fatal shot was fired.

Mother's Charges Imaginary.

That the charges of willful murder and conspiracy to conceal it, made by the complainant, Mrs. Sutton, mother of Lieutenant Sutton, are purely imaginary and unsupported by even a shadow of evidence, truth or reason.

The court, recommends, however, that, in view of the youth and decided inexperience of Lieutenants Utley, Willing and Bevan at the time and of the altogether unusual conditions of excitement, threats and danger during the aforementioned fray that no further proceedings be taken.

The report is signed by J. Hood, commander, U. S. navy, president of the board, and Henry Leonard, major U. S. marine corps, judge advocate.

Condemns Lax Discipline.

Commander Hood also filed a minority report in which he says that he concurs in the majority report and in addition he is of opinion that Lieutenants Utley, Adams, Osterman, Willing and Bevan showed a deplorable lack of knowledge of their duties and obligations as officers holding commissions in the marine corps; and the testimony concerning the whole deplorable affair indicates a state of discipline then existing in the marine school of application, discreditable to the service, and argues strongly against the practice of commissioning and putting into positions of responsibility young men without proper previous training.

He is also of the opinion that Lieutenants Willing, Bevan and Utley should have been brought to trial at the time for neglect of duty, and Lieutenants Adams and Osterman should have received milder punishments for engaging in a brawl unbecoming officers and gentlemen; and he concurs in the recommendation that no further proceedings be taken at this time, only because of their youth and inexperience at that time, and because of their being, in a sense, the victims of a system for which they themselves are not responsible.

Secretary Is Severe.

Approving the findings and recommendations of the court and the judge advocate general, Acting Secretary Winthrop says:

"By its concurrence in the opinion of the court and of that expressed in the minority report, the department indicates its thorough disapproval of the lax state of discipline shown by the evidence to have existed at the marine school of application prior to and at the time of, the death of Lieutenant Sutton.

"The results of this laxity have brought serious discredit not only on the officers directly responsible for the efficiency of the institution, but unfortunately on the marine corps as a whole."

BEER PLENTY IN DRY TOWN

Wichita Again Provides Liquor, but on Second Floor.

Wichita, Kan., August 20.—After four months of enforced idleness the saloons of Wichita again are running on the wide-open plan. Beer can be obtained at a large number of resorts, and whisky is also obtainable. The "wets" are happy and are predicting that good times have returned to stay.

But one restriction is placed on the dealers, and that is they must operate only on the second floors of buildings. The chief of police says he cannot stop the resorts, because the law allows them to sell "near beer," and it is impossible to tell near beer from the real beer when the labels are removed.

OLD TOWN CLOCK IS HUSHED

Summer Boarders Couldn't Sleep When It Tolled the Hours.

Lee, Conn., August 20.—The old town clock, which has tolled time in the Berkshire village of Lee for fifty-seven years, is hushed because the brazen tones of its bell in the still night broke the rest of city people summering there.

The summer boarders waited upon the standing committee of the Congregational church, in the belfry of which edifice the clock is located, and entered a protest against the sleep breaker.

James E. Secord, the town marshal, was ordered not to rewind the clock for the present.

IS EXILED FOR TWO YEARS

Circulated Tolstoi's Book Against the Death Penalty.

Tula, Russia, August 21.—M. Guseff, private secretary to Count Leo Tolstoi, has been exiled to the province of Perm for a period of two years after having been found guilty of circulating Tolstoi's pamphlet entitled Thou Shall Do No Murder, which is a plea against the infliction of the death penalty.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW FALLS

South Africa Gets Heaviest Storm in Several Years.

Johannesburg, August 18.—The heaviest snowfall in many years occurred here today. Six inches had fallen at noon and the storm was still in progress.

The telegraph and telephone services are badly disorganized and business has been almost suspended.

The members of the stock exchange ceased business today long enough to engage in a snowball battle.

WERE WE CAPTURED?

People of Boston Would Like to Know.

Hanover, Mass., August 20.—The mimic warfare, in which an invading foe composed of militiamen from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and the District of Columbia, assisted by the Tenth United States cavalry, attempted to capture the city of Boston against the resistence of the Massachusetts volunteer militia, having ended yesterday, the two tired armies rested in camp today. The Red army of invasion was encamped here, while General William A. Pew and his Bay state militiamen were at South Hanson.

Orders for disbanding the army of invasion were given, and noon time saw the troops from New York and New Jersey on their homeward way. The New York infantry and the Essex troops of New Jersey were to go to Fall river to embark. The District of Columbia troops started for Hingham camp ground by invitation of the first corps of cadets of Boston, and will go into camp there for a day before taking ship for New York.

Decision as to the technical result of the operations will be given by the umpires after they have studied out the details. In the meantime Boston doesn't know whether she is captured or not. The inhabitants are cool and collected and will eat fishballs and baked beans Sunday morning as usual.

HELD IN STOCK STEAL

Brooklyn Brewer and Broker Are Indicted.

New York, August 20.—Ripples from the big splash in the financial pool created by the arrest of Donald L. Persch, a note broker, on charges of grand larceny, continued to widen, and yesterday reached Charles Katz, president of the Eastern Brewing Co., of Brooklyn, whose name has hovered about the case from its inception. He was indicted yesterday by the grand jury for complicity in the alleged theft of 20,000 shares of copper stock which disappeared from the custody of the Windsor Trust company—with whom it had been deposited as collateral for a loan of $50,000 to M. M. Joyce, a broker for F. Augustus Heinze—and bobbed up again in the curb market when Heinze bought it back.

W. L. Clark, the broker who approached the trust company for Joyce, was also indicted yesterday. Another development was the issuance of a warrant for Sterling Birmingham, the trust company's discharged loan clerk, who is accused of having accepted a gratuity of $250 for putting the loan through. To accept such a fee is a misdemeanor under the laws of the state.

WOMEN STAND AHEAD

Form More Than Half Church Membership

Washington, August 20.—Standing out as a conspicuous feature of a bulletin issued today by the census bureau entitled "Census of Religious Bodies," is the fact that out of a church membership in the United States in 1906 of nearly 33,000,000, males formed considerably less than half of the total.

Of the total church membership reported by the various religious bodies and classified by sex 43.1 per cent were males and 56.9 per cent were females. Among the Protestants the difference was greater, only 39.3 per cent being males, while in the Roman Catholic church the males formed 49.3 per cent of the total membership.

Among the Christian Scientists only 27.6 per cent were males, and of the Shakers but 21.3 per cent, but in the Greek orthodox church 93.9 per cent were males.

Other salient features of the report show that there are $1,250,000,000 invested in church edifices and that every day eight new churches sent their spires skyward.

The total church membership for 1906 was 32,936,445, of which number the Protestants were credited with 20,287,742, and the Roman Catholics with 12,079,142. Of the Protestant bodies the Methodists numbered 5,749,848, the Baptists 5,662,234, the Lutherans 2,112,494, the Presbyterians 1,830,555, and the Disciples of Christ 1,142,359.

The rate of increase for the Roman Catholic church is 93.5 per cent, which is more than twice that for all the Protestant bodies combined.

WAR AUTO ON LONG RUN

Test Will Decide Upon Use by the Army.

New York, August 20.—A military automobile, with Malcolm E. Parrott, of the National Guard of New York, at the wheel, left New York yesterday for San Francisco, bearing dispatches from Major General Wood commanding the department of the east, to Gen. Weston, commanding the department of the west.

The trip will cover 3,693 miles, and cross 11 states. On its success, it is said, will largely depend the establishment of a regular automobile service for the army.

THREE REASONS

Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy.

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts.

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SCENT SCANDAL IN TALE

Friends of Boy and Girl Millionaires May Sue Novel Writer.

New York, August 19.—On the ground that the hero and heroine of Robert Chambers' serial, The Danger Mark, now running in the Saturday Evening Post, have been so pictured as to represent Louis Gordon Hamersley and Katherine Livingston Hamersley, children of the late J. Hopper Hamersley, the great Hamersley estate today consulted counsel with a view to bringing an action at law against author and publishers.

Cortlandt De Peyster Field, uncle by marriage of the Hamersley's and one of their guardians, wrote an urgent letter to the estate attorneys requesting an immediate investigation to ascertain whether the story presented ground for a charge of slander against the novelist.

Has Taste for Liquor.

The uncle was aroused by the fact that while there a remarkable similitude between the Hamersley children and the two leading characters in the story, the girl, who might otherwise be taken for Katherine Hamersley, was represented as having a hereditary taste for liquor, while the boy, fitting the description of Louis G. Hemersley, figured in the story as falling in love with the nurse. When these passages in the story were called to the attention of Mr. Field, he said:

"That is slander, and such matters can be settled only in court. If Mr. Chambers has drawn his characters from my wards, and attributed to them such traits, he will have to answer for it in a court of law."

Immediately following this statement Mr. Field wrote a letter to attorneys in this city. When seen, these attorneys refused to state whether action would be taken against the novelist or not, but practically admitted they were studying the story, with such a possibility in view.

Lawyer Considers Case.

"I refuse positively to state what action will be taken in this matter," said Henry H. Mann, one of the lawyers of the Hamersley estate. "I have been notified by Mr. Field of the story in the Saturday Evening Post, but I am not at liberty to state what steps will be taken.

"I will not say what court such an action would go through," he said in answer to a leading question by a reporter.

Society people who have been reading the story were quick to see in the characters the personalities of the young Hamersleys, millionaire nephew and niece by marriage of the late Duchess of Marlborough.

THREATEN NEW TOBACCO WAR

Equity Men May Organize Pool Against Burley Society.

Bowling Green, Ky., August 19.—Leaders of the men who grow the world's pipeful of tobacco met here today in an endeavor to settle the differences between the American Society of Equity and the Burley society.

The Equity people threatened to organize a second pool for the 1909 crop, unless the Burley society, which organized the 1908 pool, agreed to the terms of the Equity, which is the parent organization.

President J. Campbell Cantrell, of the Kentucky branch of Equity, will not attend today's meeting. He said the differences in this state were adjusted at Winchester some time ago.

The Burley society at Winchester yesterday filed suit against the Independent Growers for $213,200 in damages.

ATTACKS VERDICT

Lawyer for Mother Says Naval Inquiry Board Was Unfair.

Washington, August 20.—Shorply criticising the conclusions of the court of inquiry which recently re-investigated the death of Second Lieutenant James Sutton, of the United States Marine Corps, Henry E. Davis, counsel for Mrs. Sutton, mother of the dead officer, in a statement issued today, declares that the judge advocate was derelict in his duty in not confirming the two legal propositions submitted by Mr. Davis.

"Had he done so and the court heeded him," Mr. Davis continued, "it would have been absolutely obliged to exclude the hypothesis of suicide, and almost as certainly to exclude the hypothesis of a wound self inflicted in any manner as the explanation of the cause of Lieutenant Sutton's death."

Of the two propositions referred to, Mr. Davis states that one of them related to the "quality and extent of evidence necessary to a verdict of suicide, and the other respecting the conditions under which a phenomenal explanation of a given situation—in this case, the nature of Lieutenant Sutton's wound—could be accepted."

In view of the findings and opinion of the court of inquiry, especially the fifth opinion that the charges of Mrs. Sutton are "unsupported by even a shadow of reason," Mr. Davis declares that he feels it to be his duty to Lieutenant Sutton's mother, whom, he says, "has no faithfully sought to relieve her son from the stigma of a suicide," to submit a statement for the consideration of the public. He refers to the language used in the decision of the court as "eminently unjudicial and unnecessarily harsh.,"

"I am impelled to this course in large part," says Mr. Davis, "by the apprehension that those who know only so much of the case as the press has found it possible to publish, may be led to think that the determination of a body of officers in the military service of the country must be righteous result, and that Mrs. Sutton's attitude may have been justly estimated by those to whom the honor of the service, as well as the cause of justice, was for the occasion committed."

Mr. Davis then reviews exhaustively the findings of the court and concludes by saying that the statement is on his own exclusive responsibility and is given out without conference with any other person whomsoever.

Mr. Davis declined to state what further action he would take, although it was made evident that the case would not be dropped. He is leaving the city today to be gone until October and said that upon his return he would make an announcement of his purpose.

BEER WITH EACH PURCHASE

Gary Merchants Gladden Buyers With Cold Bottles.

Gary, Ind., August 21.—Gary merchants have adopted a unique method to keep trade in the city. After a customer has brought out a bill of goods the storekeeper asks: "Will you have a bottle of nice cold beer."

The usual answer is, "I don't care if I do."

This premium has won popularity with mill employes, who since the city went "dry," have been cashing their pay checks in South Chicago and other near by "wet" cities.

CHARGES INSURANCE COMBINE

Little Rock, Ark., August 20.—Alleging that 65 insurance companies with combined capital of $156,000,000, doing business in the state of Arkansas, entered into a rate combination on December 16, 1908, Prosecuting Attorney R. E. Jeffrey, of the Third judicial circuit, filed suit against these companies today for penalties aggregating $65,000,000, under the state anti-trust statute.

MARVEL AT MONSTERS

Big Crowd Gazes Skyward at Rheims.

Rheims, August 23.—Blue skies and glorious sunshine, with only a trace of wind, made ideal conditions for this, the second day of aviation week at Rheims, and the people in the city awoke to the improved prospects of good sport with keen relish.

Attracted by the sensational performances of yesterday, when no less than six aeroplanes were seen at the same time winging their flight in huge circles over the Plain of Betheny, thousands of spectators came down on the early trains from Paris, and when the dirigible balloon Colonel Renard appeared over the field at 10 o'clock, having come from Meaux, the tribunes and fences lining the field already were black with people.

Hubert Latham has been chosen as the third aviator to represent France in the contest for the international cup, the big event of the week, which will be run off next Saturday. The others are Mm. Bleriot and Lefebvre. This decision was reached by the judges this morning after considerable consideration of the elimination contests held yesterday.

Tissandier, Paulham and Sommer are alternates to Latham. Tissandier, who uses a Wright bi-plane, thus far holds the speed record. Only one other Wright machine, that operated by Schreck, remains to compete in this event.

The daring performances of yesterday of Lefebvre has made him extremely popular, but Bleriot and Latham still remain the favorites of the crowd.

Cortland F. Bishop, representing the Aero club of America, today received definite assurances from Jacques Verne that he would send a small portable dirigible balloon, the Zodiac, to appear at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York next month. The Zodiac will compete in the race for dirigibles to be held here.

BOY IN AGONY CHEERS

Mangled Under Cars, Tells Mother Not Worry.

Cleveland, August 20.—Trying to cheer his mother while the wheels of a heavy car rested on his crushed leg, and a priest kneeling in the dirt worked over him, 13-year-old Edward Corrigan lay for half an hour on the Erie railroad tracks at Merwin avenue, N. W., yesterday. The boy will probably die.

"Don't worry, mother; I am going to pull through," he told her over and over again.

Corrigan was picking coal along the tracks and had crawled under the car when a switch engine backed into it. Before the boy could craw lout again his leg was caught under the wheel and held there as the car stopped. His screams attracted railroad employes and a large number of witnesses.

While railroad men with jacks were busy raising the car from the boy's body, Rev. John P. McGoogan crawled on his hands and knees under the car and worked to relieve the boy's sufferings.

The boy's mother arrived about the same time and although suffering from the shock, tried to assist in the rescue.

"Don't cry, mother," urged the boy. "I'll be all right in a minute."

At the end of half an hour's work the boy was lifted from under the car and placed in an ambulance.

UP SHE GOES AGAIN

Greek Flag Again Raised by the Plucky Cretans.

Canea, August 20.—The armed inhabitants of Candia, the largest city of Crete, today reholsted the Greek flag in the presence of a squad of million, who were powerless to prevent proceedings. A conflict was averted through the intervention of the metropolitan, who begged the officers to confine the soldiers to their barracks.

The consuls of the powers have demanded that the government of Crete give a written guarantee that the Greek flag will not be hoisted after the departure of the international squadron. The government replied it will do so when order has been restored at Candia.

DIVES FOR LOST NECKLACE

Deep Sea Expert Is Engaged by Millionaire.

San Pedro, Cal., August 20.—John Christie, a deep sea diver, has been engaged by Edwin T. Earle, the millionaire publisher of Los Angeles, to search the bottom of the harbor for the $30,000 string of pearls lost by Mrs. Earle a week ago. Christie starts work today.

Mrs. Earle missed her jewels while making trip from here to Catalina islands and found a rip in the jewel bag in which she carried the gems. She expressed the belief that they had dropped overboard from the steamer near the wharf, and Mr. Earle engaged the diver to hunt for them.

GATORS SCARE PEN GUARDS

They Will Be Replaced by Goldsfih at Columbus.

Columbus, August 21.—The penitentiary officials who have been entertaining unruly colored prisoners lately with snakes and ghosts, are deathly afraid of the alligators in the fountain lake, and have about decided to do away with them and put goldfish in the pond instead.

These alligators were sent to a Cleveland convict named Moran, who, when he was released, gave them to the prison. They have been cared for by Mike McGinty, also a Cleveland convict. He lost his job some time ago, however, and since then the alligators have persisted in getting out of the lake and crawling around over the grounds, perhaps in search of McGinty or the man who took him away from them.

Some time ago, one of the animals crawled up to a gate in the wall and one of the new guards, thinking it was a prisoner trying to escape, sent in a general alarm, which brought a score of armed guards to the scene. As a result the gators will probably be sold.

SENATOR CULLOM'S WIFE DIES

Washington, August 18.—Mrs. Cullom, wife of Senator Cullom, of Illinois, died here at her residence shortly after 12 o'clock today. Mrs. Cullom had suffered from heart trouble for a long time. She was taken ill last spring and went to Atlantic City, but experienced no marked improvement. She returned here last Saturday. The funeral arrangements have not been completed.

BID FOR NEW BATTLESHIPS

Washington, August 18.—William Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, were the lowest bidders for constructing the battleships Wyoming and Arkansas, bids for which were opened at the navy department today.

They submitted two bids, one at $4,450,000, and another at $4,475,000. Only one ship can go, however, to any one firm of builders. The New York Shipbuilding company, of Camden, N. J., made the next lowest bid, at $4,675,000.

The Bethlehem Steel company, the Carnegie company and the Midvale Steel company submitted identical bids for furnishing the main portion of the armor for the two battleships. Their figures were for class A, $420 a ton, for 11,486 tons. For the other classes, amounting in all to about 1,500, the bids varied.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof

IF YOU APPRECIATE
FINE WHISKEY
Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
of the best Straight Whiskey made.
SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.
Name
Address

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE
Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K. gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. HUBER, 428 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. B. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 78 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if mailed. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY.—Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box G. E., 314, Kansas City, Mo.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. Guarantee American Institute, 292 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

WHY SUFFER WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Indiana, and get full-sized 50c box Kaskers Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hours. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bedwetting.

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks. October and November examinations everywhere; $600 to $1,600 yearly; no "layoffs" because of poor times; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence not required; candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule of examinations and free bulletin. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 35, Rochester, N. Y.

LONGED FOR A CHEW

Lack of Tobacco Is Worst Trouble of Shipwrecked Mariner.

New York, August 19.—After 26 hours of wild battling with the sea alone on a drifting, wave-swept raft, Madden Pierson, the sailor of the Arlington, which went ashore in the storm off Long Beach yesterday morning, has been saved.

Pierson is the sailor who sprang overboard, in an attempt to reach shore to get help for his shipmates and who was borne out to sea on a hatch cover and had been given up as lost.

Drifting 10 miles off Atlantic highlands he saw the sails of the schooner Irene and Mary and managed to signal the ship. A boat was lowered and he was rescued.

Although Pierson was attired only in a pair of canvas pants and an undershirt, he was none the worse for his long exposure to the gale, but cold when they got him aboard the Irene and Mary. He drank six cups of coffee, ate four meals in one, borrowed a clay pipe and fell asleep. When told the newspaper accounts of the wreck of the Arlington made him a hero who jumped overboard for the purpose of taking a line ashore he laughed—a rumbly, grouchy sort of laugh.

"I ain't no hero," he declared simply. "I jumped to save myself. I never thought the rest would get off. It looked like we would all get drowned.

"The sea was washing over the deck and it was a case of every man for himself. I saw a piece of the afterdeck washed overboard and jumped after it. With the set of the wind I thought I would be blown ashore.

"It was just my luck that when I got on the raft the wind changed and blew me out to sea. I couldn't sit down, so I stood up with my legs straddled. After a few hours I thought I would be on that raft two or three days, so I reached out and grabbed all the seaweed I could. Yesterday afternoon I caught one piece of seaweed that had a clam fastened to it. I broke the clam with my foot and ate it.

"When dusk came I couldn't see land or anything. I stood up on the raft all night holding up a board that drifted near, or using it for a paddle. Gee! but I was hungry for a chew of tobacco."

"Weren't you thirsty?" asked the reporter.

"Sure," replied Pierson, "but I wanted a chew of tobacco. I chewed some seaweed, but it wasn't any good against tobacco.

"Well, I stood up all night and three steamers and a revenue cutter passed me, but I couldn't holler loud enough so they could hear. This morning I saw the schooner and took off my shirt and waved it and they took me aboard and gaye me some chewing tobacco and one of the men lent me his pipe."

This is Pierson's third shipwreck.

Gold Spectacles Free

DR HAUX

DON'T SEND ME A CENT.

as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

CRAZED OVER RELIGION

Prominent Lawyer Tries Hanging by Clothesline.

Lebanon, August 19.—Crazed over religion to the extent that he thought he was imitating Christ, George Templeton, a prominent attorney of Knoxville, Tenn., committed suicide in the station house at Morrow late Tuesday evening by hanging himself to the ceiling of the cell with a piece of clotheslines.

He was discovered by officers about 10:30, and his body was yet warm. Acting Coroner M. A. Jameson held an inquest Wednesday, pronouncing death to be due to suicide.

Templeton was first seen in Morrow Monday morning, when stark naked, in a pond at the edge of the village. When asked by Marshal Ed Cavanaugh why he did this, he asked the officer if Christ did not go over the country barefooted, bathing in the streams. It was seen that he was demented, and he was locked up.

He had told Mayor McDonald before his death that he was an attorney in a firm with his brother and father, in Knoxville, and that he came to Cincinnati with his brother some days ago and got on a big drunk.

RESORT TRAIN IS WRECKED

Derailed at Trowbridge Shortly After Previous Accident.

Lansing, Mich., August 21.—Running 35 miles an hour the westbound Pere Marquette resort train was partially derailed at Trowbridge last night, just 24 hours after the same train had been wrecked at Grand Ledge.

No one was injured, although Engineer Thomas Kingston and Fireman Earl Carter, of Grand Rapids, marvelously escaped death when the engine left the rails, and after running 60 feet tipped over on its side. The coal tender, baggage car and front trucks of the day coach also left the rails, and although some of the passengers were somewhat jolted, no one was injured.

The accident was caused by running through an open derailer. Engineer Kingston claims there was no signal to warn him of danger, while George Butters, in charge of the levers at Trowbridge, asserts he was not at fault, and that the proper signal warned the engineer.

ORDERS SPECIAL STAMP ISSUE

Postal Department Provides for Fifty Million.

Washington, August 20.—Acting Secretary Reynolds, of the treasury department, has signed an order for the issuance of 50,000 Hudson-Fulton postage stamps by the bureau of engraving and printing.

The stamps were ordered by the postoffice department in commemoration of the celebration next month of the operation of the first steamboat on the Hudson river. The entire issue will be ready for delivery to postoffices throughout the country by the middle of September.

Postmaster General Hitchcock today approved an order authorizing the substitution of the word "celebration" for "centenary," which was used in the original design of the stamps.

ROOSEVELT TROPHIES

Twenty Barrels Containing 82 Specimens Arrive From Africa.

Washington, August 19.—Notice of the arrival in New York from Nairobi, from the Smithsonian African expedition, headed by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of 20 barrels of large mammal skins in brine, reached the Smithsonian Institution here today.

The shipment, which comprises Colonel Roosevelt's first month's collection, consists of 82 specimens, as follows: Lion, 7; leopard, 1; cheetah, 1; spotted hyena, 1; cape hartebeest, 14; white bearded wild beest, 5; Neumann steirbuck, 5; Kirk dik-dik, 1; common water buck, 3; Chandler reed buck, 4; Grant gazelle, 9; Thomson gazelle, 5; eland, 1; cape buffalo, 4; giraffe, 3; hippopotamus, 1; wart-hog, 6; Burchell zebra, 7; black rhinoceri, 2, and impalla, 2.

The cheetah is similar to the leopard, the wildebeest is the African gnu, and the hartebeest, Steinbuck, dik-dik, impalla and eland are varieties of antelope. While no new species, so far as is known, is included in the first Roosevelt shipment, the collection will suppliment materially the specimens already in the National museum. It is unusual to secure so large a variety of mammals in so short a time.

Together with this shipment of the Roosevelt collection are expected a large number of specimens of mice, moles and other small mammals, and also of birds gathered by Lieutenant Colonel Marns and J. Alden Loring of the expedition party.

FISH PULLS BOY INTO RIVER

Lad Drawn Off Dock by Catch and Drowns.

Detroit, Mich., August 20.—Harold Gibbons, 8 years old, was pulled into the river by a huge fish and drowned, off the dock at the foot of Field avenue yesterday. While his brother, John, stood helplessly by, the lad, unable to swim, sank to his death in 14 feet of water.

Intending to spend the day fishing, the two brothers left home in high spirits at 7:30 o'clock in the morning. Luck favored them and they soon gathered a string of small fish. Then luck changed.

"Oh, Jack, I've got a big one!"

Gripping the line he was holding with all his might, Harold shouted gleefully. It required but a few seconds for the power at the other end of the line to overcome the little chap's strength and he pitched headlong into the water. Before help arrived the boy had drowned.

Eyes Cured

Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two 2-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

May we so take heart in this quiet morning hour, that we may be brave and faithful all the day, so that in spite of old sorrows and older sins, the memory of which may now and then shadow our way, we may find ourselves, when the evening shall some, nearer heaven in heart and life.

MONDAY

Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means.

TUESDAY

Every deed of solid worth
Helps the world to find its place;
Every life of homely truth
Raises higher all the race.

WEDNESDAY

May this be a day upon which we can look back and say we have been blessed.

THURSDAY

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark
And if the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why pipe your own small blast.

FRIDAY

Do not interpret the meaning of life from the darkness, but from the sunshine which falls upon it.

SATURDAY

After all, the troubles you anticipate may never really befall. How do you know that some spell of good fortune may not be about to come to you?

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

Elizabeth Ayres

THIS is what a woman friend said to me one day when we were talking together. After excursions through various and sundry conversational highways and byways, our talk drifted into a discussion of life and how it might, could or should be conducted. My friend does not claim to have any particular creed or philosophy to sustain and guide her, but she told me a lesson she had learned by experience and of how she had become a believer in the power and worth of the good cheer gospel.

"I used to be rather amused," she said, "by much of the 'chirk up' talk and writing, especially that which had for its texts: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you. Life is as we make it; the world is as we view it,' and other similar sentiments. Doubtless I was amused because the world looked good to me then, and I did not think I was in need of advice regarding my treatment of it. I was unconscious that what I was giving out was coming back to me in kind, and that my life was as I made it. I was in a tranquil frame of mind and enjoyed living. I treated the world pretty well, and it rewarded me by treating me pretty well in return, and I took it for granted that this happy condition would go on forever, but it didn't.

"It was a case of 'the scene shifted,' and I, who had always found it easy to see the best and brightest side of the world, found myself viewing it with melancholy and suspicion. I do not know why the change came about; it may have been owing to physical reasons, or it may have been because I needed the lesson I learned by the experience. You know, it is frequently urged that the calamities which befall us are for our ultimate benefit if we bear our sufferings bravely and are wise enough to heed and profit by their teachings. We might as well look at trouble in this way if we can, it helps us to get through it; though it must be confessed there are many troubles in which it is difficult to discover any merit.

"When the scene shifted for me there were troublous times. I think I hated everything that lived, and I acted accordingly. In reality, nothing was different. It was I who had changed, but I did not know it and I blamed everyone in general. I fancied slights where no slights were intended. I thought that those I came in contact with were cold and distant in manner, when it was more than likely that their manner was a reflection of my own. I could neither laugh with the world nor at it, and a smile became almost an impossibility.

"While this state of affairs existed I was miserable, and I must have been a misery for others to endure. Fortunately in my endeavor to escape from the slough of despondency, I realized the fault lay with me, and that I was only getting what I gave; then I began giving out something better. Again the scene shifted, and the something better came back to me. Life looked brighter when I no longer treated it as an enemy, and could extend to it a pleasant greeting. I discovered that if I smiled and looked pleasant, in most instances I received smiles and pleasant looks as a reward of merit, and so I came to the conclusion that life is largely colored by our own vision and that it behooves us to make our vision as bright as possible.

"I believe," she went on, reflectively, "it would be a good idea to add a smile day to the days we celebrate. If everyone would observe it, and smile, whether they feel like it or not, it would show those who are seeing through dark glasses the good of trying to be cheerful, and encourage them to make it a continuous performance. Of course our happiness does not rest entirely with ourselves, but we can do much to help it along. I found this out by means of the experience I've been relating, and I found out also that the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude is a mistake and a delusion," she said. "Don't you agree with me?" she questioned.

"I certainly do," I answered.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

OLD DISCONTENT SAYS "THANK YOU"

Dear Household Neighbors—Forgive me for neglecting to thank you sooner for the interest and sympathy extended me, even though we are strangers. I wish to say a word to each, individually. H. Greeley Miller, please tell me what a selfish old bachelor knows about happiness, by experience, I mean. When you have taken a wife to love and cherish, that is happiness, joy, pure love and divine, such as no other ever was or ever can be. You do well to draw a line between happiness and contentment. The well-fed swine is contented. I shall read The Simple Life with pleasure when I get time.

Thanks, dear May, your sympathy is very sweet and exceedingly truthful.

F. M. A., you have struck a keynote, but please "cut out," (pardon the slang) the word duty. More lives have been wrecked on that one rock than all others. We burden ourselves in and through our ignorance and thoughtlessness and wear the millstone labeled Duty, our life long. What is our duty to God and our fellowman? Are we serving duty or mistaken duty, or only inclination? Are our chains God-given, or riveted by our own hands in defiance to His will. I cannot, do not, believe that "Whatever is, is right." There is too much wrong in this world for any sane person to believe that. And you are correct in saying "Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world," else what shall we strive for?

Sympathetic, thank you. You, also, are partially right. Ingratitude is part of my burden. I surely know how sharp it is to be told you are only doing your duty when bearing unnecessary burdens.

E. J. B., I will thankfully accept a pension, however small, but I would never ask for it. Perhaps I am overworked. I know I often sing with Hood: "Oh, but for one short hour, a respite, however brief." Yet it is not so bad as that, for I have time to read and rest, and even enjoy my music and fancy-work. I live in Sunny Kansas, also.

Dear friends, I thank you for your interest. Your letters have given me pleasure and profit, yet I hardly treated you fairly in my first letter, for I gave you the impression I was a pessimist, whereas I am largely optimistic. I have many blessings and can count among them good health, dear friends, good children, plenty to live on, the love of many who are dear to me, and the hope of a better life to come. The wrinkles now appearing in my face tend up, rather than down, and in society, lodge or elsewhere, I stir up as much fun as the next one. I live in peace and harmony with my neighbors, young people visit me, children are attracted to me, I am not contentions, but I became exasperated with the reiterated remarks in this department about work bringing happiness.

Dear friends, there can be no happiness in the wearying of the flesh, neither is it found in environment alone, nor yet only in ourselves, but in the happy combination which is the true home, wherein all work together for one purpose, and no particular one bears the entire burden, but it is shared by all and so is felt to be a pleasure rather than a burden.

I do not believe I ever saw a perfectly contented person. I have seen laziness and indifference in plenty, but never perfect content. Discontent is the mainspring of all achievements. When we are contented we cease to strive, then we cease to advance, and when we once start to drift it is always backward, never forward. Some have more ambition than others and are correspondingly discontented. True ambition is never satisfied, but when it rechase its peg, puts it a little higher, and goes on climbing. It is not willing to be a "daisy," even though it may be the best of its kind.

I have never worked because I love work, but because certain things can be accomplished in no other way. I love the beautiful, the soul inspiring, the sublime things of this world, yet must I be chained to the post of duty, shackled, fettered, weary. Justice is what I demand. Pity I want not. I hate a "knocker," and self-pity. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall, is my creed. It cannot be wrong; if so, how? I try to live each day cheerfully, hopefully, bravely, yet I know in my heart I am right when I sign myself—Old Discontent.

NEEDS CHEERING UP

This pleasant Sabbath day, while part of my family has gone to visit friends and relatives, I will pay a visit to the Cozy Corner. This is my first, although I have often thought of writing, but I am a farmer's wife, and every farmer's wife knows what that means where there is a large family.

I am the mother of seven children but they are not all home. As soon as my daughters were old enough they went to work for other people; in this way they clothed themselves and laid up a little for future days; but while my daughters were doing others' hard work I was left at home to care for the little ones, keep house and work in the fields every chance I had to leave the house. I have often done my housework after nightfall. Now I am not happy, for my health is broken, but I still have to look after my house the best I can, milk three and four cows, and raise poultry to help keep up the table and other expenses.

Some people think it is not right to keep two pocketbooks in the family, but they should remember the world is made up of all kinds, and some men will claim all that is put in the one pocketbook, and his wife is cut short. I know of one man who accuses his wife of stealing his money, so I think it wise for every family to do as seems best. I live in Ohio, in the same county I was born in, and do not very often get out of it, much less out of the state. As I said, I was not happy, I will sign my name.—Troubled Mother.

AUNT SADIE'S THOUGHTS

Cheerful greetings to all members of the Cozy Corner. I enjoy reading your letters and I am anxious that Mrs. May Flower, of New York state, shall find a suitable name for her home. I think all country homes should have names. One could be chosen and then owners could have the grounds and buildings arranged to suit the name. Something new could be added each year until it becomes a place of beauty. For small homes I think Sunnyside is pretty, or Shadyside or West brook. Cozy Corner is pretty. This name suggests to my mind wide porches with porch furniture and cushions; a smooth lawn where there are rustic seats, arbors, a summerhouse, swings, flowers, etc.

I think Tilda, of Michigan, surely has a nice place to live in. The fruit crop seldom fails there. I was once in Michigan and I never saw as much fruit. Every bush, vine and tree was full.

Farming is so much more profitable now than a few years ago. Farmers get so much better prices for what they have to sell that anyone who owns a home in the country is fortunate. I think each township should have a hall or large building suitable for social gatherings, lectures and other entertainments. The women could have a club. It would keep them from getting lonesome and add much to the enjoyment of country life.—Aunt Sadie.

By the way, why wouldn't it be a good idea for those of our members who belong to clubs to write occasionally telling something of their club work and interests?—Editor.

A WORD IN SEASON

I have been an interested reader of The Blade for a long while, and have enjoyed reading the dear letters so much. When lonely and in need of sympathy I am always glad to see The Blade.

My home is in western North Carolina, at the foot of the famous Mt. Pisgah, 14 miles from the city of Asheville. I have a dear husband and a baby boy one year of age. A short time ago God, in his Providence, saw fit to take home to heaven our darling little boy of four summers. He was a bright child, with brown eyes and golden curls. Oh, dear mothers, you who have had the experience, know how heart-rending it is to give up a child, and to you mothers who have never said good-bye to one, I want to say never get vexed and worried at the little toys scattered over the floor. What is a neat, tidy house compared with a broken heart, after the children "into their graves have tripped?" How we long to see them with their toys again, but grieving does not bring them back. God knows what is best, and we know we have not parted with them forever, but shall meet in the "sweet bye and bye." good-bye for this time.—A Bereaved Mother.

A PROUD MOTHER

Here comes a newcomer from a corner in Michigan from which, as yet, I haven't seen any letters. My father takes The Blade and I always hunt the letters in the Cozy Corner. I enjoy reading those about raising children, as I am the proud mother of one little child, a girl four months old. She is a laughing little doll and seldom cries. Her father is a thresher and is away most of the time, and if we were keeping house I should be quite lonely, but we are living with my mother and father.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to make root beer? We tried our luck, but it failed to work.

I do not think it is any disgrace to work on the farm. I always did and I am none the worse for it. Cultivating corn and haymaking was great sport for me. In closing I am going to sign the name my father always calls me.—Girlie.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

We hear much of the duty and pleasure of work, but less of the duty and pleasure of idleness. It is a good thing to know how to "loaf" occasionally. It makes the work go easier.

F. W. Sedgwick:—Thank you for your letter. Maybe I'll surprise you with one in return, some day.

Letters recently received are from Millie of the Mountains, Sunshine from Nevada, Farmer's Wife of West Va., Emma Overby, and Lonely Demona.

Please do not write to the Household editor for addresses of our letter writers, or ask her to forward letters. Addresses are not kept, and your editor, though she would like to please you, must decline to be a postoffice.

MADE FROM "LEFT-OVERS"

One of the dainty dishes which may be made from "left-overs" is croquettes, of which there are several varieties.

The point in making meat or fish croquettes is to have a thick white sauce that will make a stiff paste when cold. This mixed with meat or fish may be easily handled and when cooked will be creamy and soft inside. The regular cream sauce is made in the following proportions: To two even tablespoonfuls butter allow two heaping tablespoonfuls cornstarch or four heaping tablespoonfuls flour, one pint hot rich milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful each salt and celery salt, a little paprika and white pepper to season. Melt the butter in a pan, add the flour or cornstarch and when well blended the hot milk. Stir until smooth, and thickened. Add the seasoning and mix while still hot with the meat or fish. A beaten egg may be added just as the sauce is taken from the fire, but is not essential. Other seasonings may be added according to the ingredients of the croquettes.

In shaping croquettes, if the mixture is too soft to be easily handled, add fine cracker dust to stiffen. Some cooks add flour, but this is a mistake, as it gives them a pastry taste that is not agreeable. Shape into ovals, oblongs or rolls by manipulating in the palm of the hand. Roll lightly in fine bread crumbs, then in a beaten egg to which a scant spoonful of milk has been added, then again in crumbs, taking pains to see that every portion of the croquette is covered. Fry in deep hot fat and drain on soft paper.

Croquettes will stiffen and keep their shape much better if allowed to stand two or three hours after egging and crumbing. The easiest way to fry them is in a wire basket, two or three at a time. If the fat is just right it will take but a moment. They are done the moment the fat stops bubbling. If they crack open it is because crumbs have been folded inside the croquettes, or because they are left too long in the fat. They should never be crowded in the frying.

When done hold the basket a moment over the fat to drain, then place on soft paper. Many cooks advise serving croquettes with a liquid tomato or other sauce, but it seems foolish to take so much pains to get them crispy, then make them soggy again. A dry garnish such as peas is better.

Chicken Croquettes.

For a dozen croquettes allow one cupful of solid meat, using either left over cooked chicken or canned chicken. Add a cupful thick cream sauce with a little lemon juice and chopped parsley in addition to the usual seasonings. A few drops of onion juice may also be added at discretion. Mix well, chill, shape, egg and crumb, then fry.

Mushrooms, veal, calf's brains, sweetbreads, oysters or cold boiled rice may be combined with chicken if desired. Cold roast chicken may also have some of the stuffing and gravy mixed with it to advantage.

Cereal Croquettes.

The left over cereal from breakfast can be utilized to make excellent croquettes for luncheon. Add to the cold cereal a few dates, cut fine, or nuts, chopped; add egg and fine crumbs to make the right consistency, roll in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. The cereal itself takes the place of the cream sauce mixture in this case.

Rice Croquettes.

Cook one scant cupful of well washed rice in a pint of boiling milk and water until soft. Add, while hot, a teaspoonful butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, the beaten yolk of one egg and hot milk to make the right consistency for shaping. Cool, shape in ovals, putting in the center of each a couple of boiled raisins or a half teaspoonful jelly or marmalade. Close the rice over the enclosed fruit. Boil in crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs, and fry.

THE CIRCUS FAMILY

William Allen Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

Circus folk—unlike their theatrical cousins in general—save their money. Their vigorous training forbids dissipation and late hours, and their busy life keeps their minds intent on their work; the circus management, too, encourages thrift, from the high-salaried performers down to the stake-driving squads. Board, lodging, and traveling expenses are paid by the show, and salary checks are held in trust at the commissary. There is no reason why one should not leave at the season's end with nearly a whole season's earnings.

Nearly all the best performers have come into their occupation by heredity. Ninety per cent of them, it is said, can be included within thirty families, some of which go back to the circus days of the seventeenth century.

The Chirinis, of Italy, an equestrian family, go back to 1658, when their women rode before the royal court. The Bonairs claim a circus lineage, unbroken, of two hundred and twenty-five years. The Clarkonians have owned a circus in Ireland for over a hundred years, and the sixth generation of the family is now doing aerial work in this country.

The clean, hearty, camaraderie existing between the men and women of the circus is good to see, the more so because it is so unconsciously genuine. It would be quite impossible for one or more intruders to disturb it; it is too well grounded.

And the circus family is domestic, too, in its fastes. The little compartments on the "Pullmans" are quite homelike in appearance, with the evidences here and there, in the embroidered counterpanes, the small silk window-curtains, the brackets for toilet articles, of a home-loving woman's deft hand; so, too, are the dressing-rooms, even if they are taken up and put down every day. And in every one after rehearsal hours you will find a group of women industriously sewing and embroidering—or perhaps schooling their children.

There's a family group of tumblers, for instance—four women, two men and three boys. They are called the "La Polomas," but that is a stage name. Their real name is something like Hauptenheimer, but, being true circus folk, they mention it always with a blush and quick apology, and strive to keep it darkly hidden till they get back each winter to their farm in Kansas. The women are blonde, German, and practical, and they do all their sewing while "out on the road."

CHILDREN HER INSPIRATION

I have lived and struggled as hardly another woman ever has, but around me was ever sunshine to keep heart and soul warm and sweet—my children says Madame Schumann-Heink in The Delineator for September. The thought of them, of their eyes, kept every temptation from me, set it at nought, even at times of bitterest poverty, when I had to sell my bed so as to be able to purchase bread and milk for my little ones—when at night I had to slumber on a chair, wrapped in an old cloak. But in the morning there would be happy faces, when the children found their bread and milk, and their innocent chatter would dispel the clouds of despair. Then I would send up a fervent prayer, and you may call it a miracle, if you like—succor would be near at hand. Either I would be asked to sing a few songs at some dinner party and would get 30 marks for it, or a society girl would want me to teach her this or that song, and, since I knew how to husband my funds, I soon saw myself guarded against starvation.

It was love for my children that gave me the energy, the will power, to reach great heights in my profession. I practiced, I studied my great roles and arias seated at the piano, the baby at my breast, the others playing around me none too softly. I memorized my parts while standing at the oil stove cooking our simple meal, or while busy at the wash tub—with my little ones always around me. Singing, learning, studying, I was supremely happy because they were with me. I brought up my children and they were my comfort and my support; they made a brave, courageous "fellow" of me. And it was no difficult task. If I had to hurry to the theatre for rehearsals, I would give the children their supper at 5 o'clock and put them to bed. When I returned at 10 or 11 o'clock, I would be greeted by merry birds' twitter from the different little nests, and I would divide my sandwiches with them. Then we would sleep as only the happy and healthy may.

Poor as we were, I cannot help saying that that was part of the happiest period of my life. I continued to strive for success. My career you know; I let no opportunity escape. I would substitute here and there and over night, found myself first alto singer.

After 20 years of hard labor for little returns, there came America and the great reward for honest work. My children, my love for them, the desire to place them in more desirable circumstances, to protect them from poverty and care—these were the motive power for my career.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, mental and social improvement.

It seems to me it is about time we were having some Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition letters. What is the matter? Have none of the M. G. R. members attended the fair? I have spent many days out there, always wearing my badge, but so far have failed to find another M. G. R. Hoping some of you will yet attend I will tell you how to find the home of Indiana Wabash. Take a Green Lake car going north. Have the conductor stop at North 61st street, go a short block west, then go north a short block, and on the northwest corner of Aurora avenue and North 62nd street you will find a small, white cottage, in a nice, green fenced-in yard. The number of the cottage is 6117 Aurora avenue, and it is the present home of Indiana Wabash, and she will be glad to have the M. G. R. members who come to the A. Y. P. E. call upon her.

Now for a short talk about the fair. It is not so immense as the St. Louis exposition, but it is large enough and is very beautiful. I think the floral decorations of the grounds are more beautiful than those of the fair at St. Louis. One lady said they were handsomer than those at Chicago while another said the whole fair beat the Portland "show."

No fair could be better situated as to groundsthan the A. Y. P. E, overlooking, as it does, Lake Washington and Union Bay, with the mountains in the distance, making a picture of great beauty. The buildings are all handsome, the government building being the largest.

The Forestry building is built of immense logs with the bark on, and, to me, is the most attractive of any. The California building is in Mission style and is lovely, both inside and out. Japan has a picturesque building in Japanese architecture. Canada has a nice building and a fine display. I saw more gold in the Alaska buildings than I ever saw before in my life. Oregon has the loveliest grain pictures I ever saw, and a girl, made of butter, drinking buttermilk out of a jar made of butter. Hawaii has a house made entirely of sugar in her building, and a smaller house of rope. The state county displays are mostly in the agricultural building. Lewis county, of which my nephew is manager, has on display an immense maple knot which must be eight or nine feet in height and about three feet through. It is a curiosity to every one. There are other curious things in that display; but every county has its curiosities as well as grains, vegetables, fruits, etc.

I have neither time nor space to mention the many interesting displays or to describe the many lovely buildings, but I must speak of the beautiful, bright colored odd fish in the Fishery building. I never saw anything like them before. They came from Hawaii. Come and see the fair for yourselves. The trip is worth the price, let alone seeing Seattle and the A. Y. P. E.

Hoping to see some member of the M. G. R. before the fair closes, I remain as of old—Indiana Wabash.

Recently, in the M. G. R. column, I noticed a letter from Stone county, Ark., written by "Edna." I live in the same place, on the big Blue mountains, and am one of Edna's door neighbors. I have been living here for 20 years, and have never yet heard a panther scream or a wildcat squall. There are a few turkeys here, but they are very wild and I very seldom see one. We have a school going on now with 46 pupils enrolled. We have one M. E. church and have Sunday school every Sunday, with church meetings twice a month.—Bettie.

Good morning! What, you do not know me? Well, I almost forgot, of course not, but I know every one of you. I have been here every time you have met for the past—well, I don't know how many years—but they are so many I cannot remember. I should be sorry to miss a meeting. To be sure you have not seen me, for I stayed way back in the corner and "peeked" at you, thinking next time I would step out in sight, so here I am. Yes, thank you, I will gladly take the chair by this sister. She says she is lonely. I beg her not to be lonely. Nature is too beautiful, and then the great Creator is always with us. What better company do we want? I am never lonesome. There are just three of us in the family, and a hired boy we keep the year round. We are all farmers; my husband, one son in his twentieth year, and myself. Some think farm life is hard. I think it the most restful place to be. Of course we must hustle a little to put out our crops and gather them in, but the rest of the time we take it easy and we live on a farm of more than 200 acres.

I think there is no use in hurrying. We get through life soon enough. I love the summer and enjoy being out under one of our shade trees and looking up in the tree at the robins feeding their young. They have built a nest in the tree in our front yard. Next spring, just fasten a piece of bread up in some tree in your yard, and you can have the beautiful songsters for pets, too.

Let us all be bright, happy and cheerful and the world will be made better because we have lived. Oh my! why haven't you told me to go, I never thought of staying so long, and you will want me to remain in the corner after this. I will sign with the definition of my given name as it is found in McGuffey's speller. Who can tell my real name?—A Laurel.

I live in the beautiful state of Oregon where so many people are settling. I am 19 years old and go to the Willamette University. I am studying oratory, illustrating and cartooning. My home is in Salem, called the Cherry City of the world. It is a beautiful place and has doubled in size in the past two years. I have lived in Salem all of my life. The beautiful Willamette river flows through the town. In Indian, Willamette means still water. Salem means city of peace. The climate here is fine. We have a good deal of rain in the winter, but very little snow. Our summers are warm without being hot. Fine fruit is raised in Oregon, and the cultivation of English walnuts is getting to be quite an industry.—A Western Girl.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Wouldn't it be lovely if each one of us could be "a little bundle of cheery thought?" Whisper: It's easier said than done, but there's one thing certain, there's nothing to prevent us from trying.

Things are rather quiet in the M. G. R. just now. We have enough letters to keep us going for the present, however, but anyone who wishes to write will be welcomed.

"We beg leave" to acknowledge letters from Rhododendron, A California Cow Girl, Seldom Seen, and The Big School teacher.

Once more I must repeat for the benefit of the uninformed, I am not conducting a bureau for the exchange of addresses and letters. I would oblige you if I could, but it is impossible.—Miss Prudence.

THE NAUGHTIE LAMB

By "Audie"

Blue-eyed Boy expected a story every evening, but one afternoon, when the rain was falling in a steady drizzle, and he found the Little Mother sewing, he demanded an extra story.

"What shall it be?" asked the Little Mother.

"Oh, most anything. Sheep," he suggested, noticing a flock huddled in a fence corner.

The Little Mother looked thoughtful for a moment. "Very well," she said, at last, and after arranging her sewing, told Blue-eyed Boy this story:

"In a far, far away country, where there are many high mountains and men and dogs herd the sheep upon the mountain side, there lived a man whom all called a good shepherd, because he always took such good care of his flock. He had a great drove of sheep, and they all loved him and followed whenever he called, with one exception. The exception was a lamb, young and full of life, who frequently went by himself, thus causing the shepherd extra care and anxiety, for he loved his sheep and did not wish to lost them. The shepherd often led his sheep far up the mountain in search of grass, and sometimes it was dark before they returned to the fold.

"One late afternoon he was hurrying them home earlier than usual, because the sky was overcast with dark clouds and looked very stormy. The shepherd thought all his sheep had followed, but when they entered the fold he saw the little lamb was missing. Taking a lantern, for it had grown quite dark, he retraced his steps up the mountain, calling, in a clear, strong voice, and searching everywhere.

Meantime, the naughty lamb was having a sad experience. In the beginning, he thought he would just go a little way by himself. He was young and light of foot and could easily catch the rest when he wished, but he went a little farther than he intended and was gone out of hearing of the shepherd's voice. Then it grew dark, and the poor, frightened lamb stumbled into a deep hole and lay there, panting and bleating, while the storm came in full force against the rocks above his head.

"Vivid flashes of lightning only made the night appear blacker, and the noise and roar of thunder drowned the lamb's faint bleating. Just as he was in despair he heard a clear, sweet call, coming out of the storm and darkness and soon he was held in strong arms and carried to a place of safety in the fold."

Blue-eyed Boy sighed contentedly, made happy by the pleasant ending of the story. The lamb was safe. "I guess," he said thoughtfully, "that it never ran away again."

The Little Mother smiled to herself and, looking out of the window at the sheep in the fence corner, quoted softly: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

THE POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner is a "rescue" department, designed to assist those who are in search of some song or poem, either old or new, of which they can furnish a line or verse as a clue. These clues are published under the head Poems Requested, and in most instances some one meets the request by furnishing the poem asked for. When asking for poems and when sending them in, if possible, kindly give the author's name. The department is open to everyone. Address Editor The Poets' Corner, The Blade.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL

By Francis Janvier.

'Twas in the sultry summer-time,
As wars red records show,
When patriot armies rose to meet
A fratricidal foe;
When from the North, the East and West,
Like an upheaving sea
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make
Our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls,
Where shadows veiled decay,
In fetters, on a heap of straw,
A youthful soldier lay;
Heart-broken, hopeless and forlorn,
With short and feverish breath,
He waited but th' appointed hour
To die a culprit's death.

Yet but a few brief weeks before,
Untroubled with a care,
We roamed at will and freely drew
His native mountain air,
Where sparkling streams leap mossy
Rocks from many a woodland font
And waving elms and grassy slopes
Give beauty to Vermont;

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a
Toiler of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared
A father's toil,
Till borne upon the wailing winds,
His suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent
Zeal for her to live or die.

Then left he all—a few fond tears,
By firmness half concealed,
A blessing and a parting prayer,
And he was on the field—
The field of strife whose days are blood,
Whose breezes war's hot breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the graves
Whose husbandman is death.

Without a murmur he endured a
Service, new and hard;
But, wearied with a toilsome march,
It chanced one night on guard,
He sank exhausted, at his post, and
The gray morning found,
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep
Upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary
On the sod,
Sank the disciples, watching near
The suffering son of God;
Yet in his compassion moved,
Beheld their heavy eyes,
And, though betrayed to ruthless
Foes, forgiving bade them rise.

But God is love—and finite
Minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle mercy, in this rule, may
With stern justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound,
Found none to justify,
While war's inexorable law
Decreed that he must die.

'Twas night—in a secluded room,
With measured tread and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien
Paced gravely to and fro.
Oppressed, he pondered on a land of
Civil discord rent;
On brothers armed in deadly strife—
It was the President!

The woes of thirty millions filled
His burdened heart with grief;
Embattled haste, on land and sea,
Acknowledged him their chief;
And yet, amid the din of war,
He heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier as he lay in
Prison, doomed to die!

'Twas morning—on the tented field
And through the heated haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished
Arms, the sun's effulgent blaze,
While, from a sombre prison-house,
Seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward,
Moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step,
And pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards,
A soldier had his place.
A youth, led out to die—and yet
It was not death but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread
And shook his manly frame.

Still on, before the marshaled ranks,
The train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot whereon
A coffin lay—
His coffin! and, with a reeling brain,
Despairing, desolate—
He took his station by its side,
Abandoned to his fate!

Then came across his wavering
Sight strange pictures in the air!
He saw his distant mountain home,
He saw his parents there,
He saw them bowed with hopeless grief,
Through fast declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then
The vision closed—in tears!

Yet once again in double file, advancing
Then he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart
To execute the law—
But saw no more—his senses swam—
Deep darkness settled round
And, shuddering, he awaited now
The fatal volleys sound!

Then suddenly he heard the noise
Of steeds and wheels approach,
And rolling through a cloud of dust
Appeared a stately coach;
On, past the guards, and through the
Fields its rapid course was bent,
Till halting 'mid the lines, was
Seen the nation's President!

He came to save the stricken soul,
Now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices, rose
A shout which rent the air!
The pardoned soldier understood
The tones of jubilee,
And bounding from his fetters, blessed
The hand that made him free!

LUCY WINTER.

(Author Unknown.)

Smooth the braids of her silken hair
On her queenly brow with tender care;
Gather the robes in a final fold
Around the form that will not grow old,
Lay on her bosom white as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that grow;
Kiss her and leave her your heart's
delight;
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-
night.

A shadowy gleam of life-light lies
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,
And her lips are closed as in fond de-
lay
Of the loving words she had to say.
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,
And from dainty head to dainty feet
She is strangely quiet, cold and white,
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-
night.

Put by her doll and her empty chair,
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the
door;
She will need the garish light no more.
For the task assigned her under the
sun
Is finished now and the guerdon won.
Tenderly kiss her and put out the light
And leave her alone, she will sleep to-
night.

Oh! blessed sleep that will not break
For tears, nor prayers, nor love's sweet
sake;
Oh! perfect rest that knows no pain,
No throb, no thrill of heart or brain,
Oh! life sublime beyond all speech,
That only the pure through dying
reach;
God understands and His ways are
right,
Bid His beloved a long good-night.

Weep for the days that will come no
more
For the sunbeams have flown from
heart and door
For a missing step of a nameless grace,
For a tender voice and a loving face,
But not for the soul whose goal is won
Whose perfect joy has just begun;
Not for the spirit, robed in white
And crowned, where the angels are to-
night.

LITTLE BREECHES

By John Hay.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along;
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I larn't him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started;
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat, but of Little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my feller-critter's aid;
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * *

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see:
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He never could have walked in that
storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

THE DEVIL

Author Unknown.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their
fathers used to do;
They've found the door of the broadest
creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or
a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air today, for the
world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that
palsies heart and brain
And loads the earth of each passing year
with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land today
with the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil isn't and never was, won't
somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time
wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of
course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the
devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as
a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for
the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church, in state,
to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by an unanimous vote, is no-
where to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forth-
with, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day
spring up, for we surely want to
know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and, of
course, the devil is gone;
But simpler people would like to know
who carries his business on.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem entitled Cleopatra is requested. These are two of its lines:

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets;
They bar with a purple stain, etc.

The songs, Baby Jim, by Charles N. Douglas, and Rip Van Winkle Was a Lucky Man, by Wm. Jerome, are wanted.

Does anyone know a poem named The Scapegoat? It is about a boy who was blamed for everything that went wrong, and every verse ends with "It's me."

The verses called Banty Tim, written by John Hay, are requested.

A poem called Darby and Joan, of which the following are two lines, is asked for:

When Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe and home he run.

One who calls himself "an old vet" wants the song, Crockson's Brigade.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

VED AS BOAT BLAZES

men and Children in Great Danger on the Illinois River.

eoria, Ill., August 21.—Im-oned on a burning steamer in Illinois river, 40 persons, for most part women and chil-n, panic-stricken when rescue ned impossible, were taken off hout loss of life.

eroic rescues, seeming impossible es from death, and wild attempts mp into the water as the flames consuming the vessel, accom-d the work of taking off the pas-ers and crew in rowboats.

e vessel, the Fred Swain, of the ia & Lasalle Packet company, d to the water's edge late yes-ay afternoon. The loss is $35,000. y passengers lost their belong-

Rescuers in Danger.

the rescuing rowboats, which had out from shore, neared the flaming el, one after another caught fire. the rowers kept steadfastly on those in peril had been carried and.

e escapes from the burning ves-of the passengers were exciting when the flames were discovered reigned. Fears were partly ed as the burning steamer drew er shore and scores of rowboats seen hurriedly putting out to the ue.

e gangplank was lowered to the r's edge when the steamer had beached and one boat after her took off a load of passengers sailors. After two boats had ed and started for shore, the gang caught fire and fell away from steamer, plunging 15 persons, in-ng women and children, into the r.

Saved the Little Ones.

omas Powers, of Peoria, and E. Caron, of Worcester, Mass., who on the plank when it fell, each d the life of two children, half ing and half swimming with tots on their backs to old tree ps to await the arrival of rescu-

e others who were thrown into water by the collapse of the gang-k were taken in boats to safety. e still aboard the steamer man-to let out a new gangway at a e further from the flames, which rapidly creeping over the boat. e of the crew, Joseph Casrider, ngineer, who worked on the sink-vessel until she was almost flush the water, was burned about the and body. The only other injury to Charles Beichman, passenger, eoria, whose arm was broken.

Girl Discovered Fire.

e fire was discovered in a state-by Miss Eugene Furbish, a n girl. She spread the alarm, ull efforts to subdue the flames ed fruitless, the fire spreading ly. Captain Swain, realizing that vessel was doomed ordered Pilot in Huston to beach the boat and ucted his crew to deal out life ervers.

gineer Casrider, after attending e boilers to guard against an ex-on, went to the pumps, remain-there until the flames licked his Severely burned and almost d he turned to escape only to find a rowboat which had been left him had caught fire. He got into boat, however, and beating the es from him and rowing hard, hed shore. He was taken to a ital.

M. Swain, of Stillwater, Minn., er of the burned steamer, was in Avery Manufacturing Co.'s plant averyville, a suburb of Peoria, which the steamer caught fire. aided in rescuing the passengers crew.

s son, Verne, captain of the ves-was last to leave the boat. Futile ts were made by the Peoria and ryville fire department to save hull of the boat. The steamer Swain was built at Clearwater, nine years ago, and was one of finest packets plying the Illinois

MARKED BY SCARS

le Boy and Girl Are Saved From Inhuman Mother.

w York, August 24.—Two little ren, 9-year-old Katie Murphy, her covered with bruises and her face head cut, and her brother, John 12 years old, his body a mass of sions, were removed to St. Vin-s hospital last evening, and their er, Mrs. Rose Murphy, of No. 55 on street, was sent to the house of tion charged with felonious as-Mrs. Murphy took an 8-months-aby daughter with her.

n Murphy, father of the children, locked up in the Charles street sta-charged with improper guardian-and a third daughter, Rosie, 3 old, was sent to the rooms of the ren's society.

rolman John Mullen, of the Charles t station was on duty in Morton t last night, when he came upon Murphy. The girl was stagger-ding and her face was covered blood. The officer took her to station and sent in a call for an lance. Before the arrival of Dr. the girl, according to the police, ed that her mother had struck n the head with a bottle and had n her with a stick. She said g about her brother John. While lish was treating the girl Patrol-Mullen went to the Murphy home, rooms on the third floor of the on street house.

re he found little John lying in groaning. His body was covered bruises, and he reluctantly admit-the police say, that his mother had n him with a big stick.

patrolman placed Mrs. Murphy the husband, a longshoreman, un-rest and then took both prisoners the children to the station. After g John, Jr., and Katie, Dr. removed them to St. Vincent's ital.

rolman Mullen reported that Mur-neighbors gave him a good repu-, but he said they declared that ould do nothing with his wife.

STARTED AS WAITRESS

t Contralto Toiled in Father's Inn.

s, August 24.—There is rejoicing in New York opera camp over the en-ment of Mlle. Marie Delna, who has gned a contract to sing next winter Gatti-Cazzaza-Dippel forces.

le Delna has been one of the leading alto singers at the Grand opera and the Opera Comique, in Paris. decade, and is universally popular. career had a romantic beginning. as a waitress at an inn kept by her at Meudon, near Paris, where her attracted the attention of an artist was spending the summer at the inn. terested influential musical friends young girl, made her debut in The Trojans at pera Comique after only two years and since then she has had uninter-success.

6.95

15 JEWELED ELGIN

Never before has a 15 ruby jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Retail price charges $17.00 to $15.00 for them and they are worth it. It is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 jewels. Finished in heavy or medium weight solid gold filled or gold plate case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Call this ad out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, stating weight wanted. Heavy or Medium, and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $6.95 and express charges and it is yours. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 325-326 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

POPE PIUS X IS AN EARLY RISER AND HARD WORKER

Rome, August 24.—Pope Piux X. is an early riser and usually celebrates his private mass at 6 o'clock. After a light breakfast he reads his voluminous correspondence and goes over the more important communications with the papal secretary of state.

After an hour or so the pope is ready for the audiences granted nearly every morning to foreign visitors, the majority of whom in the summer are American Catholics. After the audiences he descends to the first floor of the vatican and goes through the museum of inscriptions.

Visits His Lions.

The pope is then driven to the Grotto of Lourdes, built in the gardens by the late pope. He also usually visits the caged lions, presented to him by Negus Menelik of Ethiopia.

After praying at the shrine of the Virgin in the Grotto, the pope generally takes a short walk, followed at a distance by his carriage. When tired he re-enters the carriage and returns to the palace.

Then follows a light luncheon in his private apartments, and, especially during the hot summer, a siesta after the Roman fashion.

In the late afternoon he goes to his study, where he receives prelates in private audience—cardinals or secretaries of the congregations, who daily inform the pope of decisions reached and ask his approval.

The pope eats no dinner, as a rule. He spends the evening alone in his study going over the day's reports and making decisions in the cases submitted to him. When his work is done he takes a light supper and goes to bed.

Cannot Be Disturbed.

His apartments are practically policed by the Swiss guard, who have strict orders not to allow anyone to approach the pope's chamber. There are four entrances to the pope's apartments and at each one a bed is placed at night and there his body servants take their rest, not only as a matter of precaution against intruders, but also in order to be ready to respond to the pope's first call.

While the pope is resting not even the cardinal secretary of state is allowed to enter the apartment. Some years ago Cardinal Rampolla, who had had an important message to deliver, would have been forcibly ejected by one of the Swiss guard had not the pope appeared in the doorway, having been aroused by the noise. The Swiss guards recognize no master but the pope; his orders they obey at any cost.

The heat is so great here now that the city is nearly deserted. The pope feels it greatly and spends most of his time in his room on the top floor to get whatever breeze there may be. The pope's favorite spot is a sofa placed between two windows where there is always a current of air.

The apartments of the numerous prelates lodged in the vatican are not so situated as to get the benefit of the breeze, and there has been a general exodus of dignitaries from the vatican to the country or seashore.

Wishes to Meet Roosevelt.

The pope has expressed a desire to meet ex-President Roosevelt when he visits Italy on his return from Africa. It is understood that the pope will receive Mr. Roosevelt and his family in private audience.

The Arta Sanctae Sedis, a monthly publication which for years has been the official organ of the Holy See, has incurred the pope's displeasure and he has started a weekly called the Acta Apostolicae Sedis, in which all documents, decrees and official communications emanating from the vatican will be promulgated. Steps have been taken to make every bishop in the world and as many priests as possible subscribe to the new paper.

CHILD AGAIN KIDNAPED

Once More Mother Loses Baby Raised at St. Louis Fair.

Topeka, Kan., August 21.—Marion Bleakley, the St. Louis world's fair incubator baby, who was the cause of litigation extended over several years, was kidnaped from the home of her mother this morning.

Mrs. Charlotte Bleakley, who was awarded the child by the federal courts two years ago, lived with her mother at 1027 Garfield avenue, a mile and a half from the business district. She worked down town as a stenographer.

The little girl, who is 5 years old, had been carefully guarded in Topeka and constantly attended. This morning a woman, ostensibly selling soap, appeared at the Bleakley home. She soon left and a half hour later a buggy in which were two men and the same woman, appeared in front of the house.

One of the men alighted and entered the yard where the child was playing with a young man of the neighborhood, in whose charge she had been left. As the kidnaper started toward her the young man attempted to interfere. The kidnaper shot at him, but missed. He then knocked the boy down with his revolver, carried the child to the buggy, and drove off.

Marion Bleakley has had a stormy career. She was born in a hospital at St. Louis and was placed in one of the incubators shown at the exposition there. While there she was formally adopted by Mrs. James G. Barclay, of Moline, Illinois. Mrs. Bleakley signed a release, but she afterward sued to recover the child, and was successful in the Illinois court.

She brought the little girl to Kansas and she was kidnaped from the mother in Montgomery county, but later was recovered. The fight for the possession of the baby was carried through the state courts and the supreme court finally awarded the custody to Mrs. Bleakley. Mrs. Barclay then instituted a suit in the federal court for the possession of the child, but again was defeated.

BEES SWARM IN COURT ROOM

Nearly Every Person Present Suffers From Stings.

Columbus, Ga., August 21.—Justice Daniels' court at Shack, in Chattahookchee county, was today broken up by a swarm of bees being dislodged from the ceiling. During the argument of an attorney the bees dropped and scattered over the crowd. Almost every person present was stung.

NEW FLYER ENTERS FIELD

Washington Man Is Building a Biplane Machine.

Washington, August 23.—A Washington man expects to join the ranks of the "flyers" with a new areoplane Harry Orme is the builder of the machine, which is constructed on the biplane principle, with new features. If conditions are favorable, the machine, it is expected, will be given a trial this week.

NOT A STATE AFFAIR

Young King Kisses Without Consulting Ministers.

London, August 24.—M. A. P. records that when young King Manuel paid his first visit to Oporto as king of Portugal the station was crowded with people eager to set eyes on the new king. Among these were many girls of the peasant class, whose fair-haired and blue-eyed style of beauty contrasts strongly with that of their brunette sisters of the south.

As the king alighted from his compartment one of these ran forward and kissed him on the cheek. Manuel was nonplussed, but only for a moment. The next instant, to the delight of the onlookers, he had returned the salute, and the girl, laughing merrily, returned to her friends.

This prank was very much disapproved of by one of the ministers, who ventured to reprove his royal charge.

"Is not your majesty aware," he said, "that a constitutional monarch should never act without first consulting his ministers?"

"In matters of 'state,'" replied the young king laughingly, "I am certainly constitutional, but in such matters as this I am absolute."

A certain old lady told King Manuel that she had had the pleasure of kissing the hands of his father and his grandfather, intending this remark as a hint that she was desirous of kissing his hand also. The young king, ignoring her implied request, replied courteously: "This it is my turn now, madame," and he raised the lady's withered hand to his lips.

HOPES NOT CRUSHED

Walter Wellman Says He Will Try Again.

Hommerfert, August 23.—Walter Wellman's second attempt to reach the north pole has resulted in failure. August 15 he made his start under favorable auspices. When the balloon had sailed 32 miles the guide rope, to which 1,000 pounds of provisions was attached broke. The balloon shot high into air but was turned about and lowered. It was necessary to recover the provisions and a start to Camp Wellman was made. When the steamer Fram was reached she took the balloon in tow. Then the line broke, the balloon careened away over the rough ice and exploded. That put an end to Wellman's plans for this season. That he still is determined is shown by the following statement:

"Had not the guide rope broken we had an excellent chance of reaching the pole. We certainly made a good start, with favorable weather. The guide rope was of the same material, weight and workmanship as the one so severely tested on the trial trip two years ago. Therefore, its breaking was amazing. The couse was a weak spot in the leather, undetected and unsuspected.

"The America demonstrated her strength, speed and adabtability to this work. In returning to Spitzbergen, we made a mistake in not placing enough confidence in our own ship and engines. Had we not, through over-caution, given the towline to the Fram, I believe we could have landed the America safe in her house. For some time it was my intention to attempt this, and we made eight miles an hour against the wind toward the camp.

"At the last the motor worked uncertainly because the equilibrum of the ship had been upset and thus deranged the gasoline supply. This led to the unfortunate decision to try towing. The descent to the surface of the ocean was not accidental, but deliberate, in order to insure the saving of the instruments and other valuables.

"Had the ship not broken up while landing we should have tried another voyage this month with a new guide rope, notwithstanding one mishap following fast upon the heels of another.

"I do not give up the fight, but hope to reconstruct the America, enlarged and improved, and try again taking advantage of all our somewhat varied and extensive experience. My faith in the practicability of the project is in nowise diminished. Throughout the voyage, even in the most trying moments in the clouds and in the rolling seas, my three comrades proved cool-headed and efficient. My thanks to them and to the equally brave officers and sailors of the Norwegian ship Fram."

WEALTH IN JERSEY POTATOES

Salem, N. J., August 21.—As a near-finishing touch to the potato season in southern New Jersey, 65 carloads of potatoes were shipped from this station during the current week, making a total since the beginning of the season of 489 carloads. From figures received from other shipping points, it is estimated that from South Jersey more than 4,000 carloads of potatoes will be shipped this year. This will bring to the farmer more than $1,200,000.

A crop of 640,000 barrels represents an increase over last year of 240,000 barrels. The crop has returned to the growers an average of 100 per acre, which, after deducting the cost of growing and marketing, shows a nice profit.

The Farmers' Exchange has transacted more business than was looked for, and has had to increase its force of clerks.

As a sidelight on Jersey prosperity, it is surprising how many potatoes are lost during the season by farmers in coming to town. One family in Salem in the course of the last five weeks has gathered up 15 barrels of potatoes that had fallen to the street in transit. Another family has secured enough for a long time to come.

TARIFF RECORD SHOWN

Collier's Weekly Tells How Every Member of Senate Stood.

New York, August 23.—In Collier's for this week will appear an interesting resume of the votes cast in the United States senate on the tariff bill. The article as written by Mark Sullivan in his congressional department, together with the tables, follows in full:

"The man who keeps the hardware store in Muscatine, Iowa, is Theron Thompson. Writing to this paper last week Mr. Thompson asks:

"'. . . Actually we do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them. We try to grasp it and wonder. . . .'

"Now Mr. Theron's question and the question of many thousands who wonder what is the secret of Aldrich is answered by the figures of this page.

"There is no magic in Aldrich except his certain understanding that a given number of senators will always vote with him. His name begins with 'A,' he leads the roll call; he votes and leans back in his seat with the calm assurance that a working majority will vote 'yea' if he said 'yea,' and 'nay' if he said 'nay.' That is all there is to Aldrich. There were 129 votes on the tariff. Some were vital, some were perfunctory matters of parliamentary procedure. But in little matters as in great, Aldrich's faithful band were always with him.

Four Have "Perfect" Record.

"Of these 129 ballots, four senators never voted against Aldrich once. (For their names see the table.) Sixteen senators voted against Aldrich just one time out of 129 (for names see table); seven more senators voted against Aldrich twice—two times out of 129 (for names see table); six more senators voted against Aldrich just three times out of 129. Three more voted against him four times, and one voted against him five times. These men had no convictions about the tariff that Aldrich didn't have first.

"Of the correct and necessary inferences from this table, many pages could be written—but the table tells its own tale. Of the inevitable inferences, the most obvious is involved in these questions:

"How can two senators who represent the state of Utah justify their voting with the senator from Rhode Island just 129 times out of 129 (Smoot), and 117 times out of 129 (Sutherland)? Why the other New England senators should vote with Aldrich is explainable, though not very creditable; the tariff was made in New England's interest—but the western senators are a different matter.

"How can Flint, of California, justify his voting with Aldrich 111 times out of 129, and against him never once? Are the interests of California and Utah identical with the interests of Rhode Island?

How Does Ohio Like It?

"And the same as to Dick, of Ohio. Do the outrageous duties on cotton cloth and clothing—made to suit the wealthy interests which Mr. Aldrich works for—do those duties please the people of Ohio? Dick voted for them.

"Is Michigan pleased with the fact that Burrows voted with Aldrich 126 times out of 129, and that Smith voted against Aldrich only ten times?

"Did Carter truly represent the people of Montana when he voted with Aldrich on every vote except 8? Within a year Carter must come before the people of Montana for re-election.

"When the insurgent senators of Minnesota, Iowa and Indiana returned to their homes, they were received with extraordinary expressions of public approbation. If these insurgents were right, surely the Aldrich western senators must have been wrong.

"We hope the newspapers of every western state will press these questions home to every senator who was an automatic 'O.K.' for Aldrich."

Republican Record.

There were in all 129 roll calls in the senate on the tariff. This table shows how often each Republican senator voted against Aldrich, how often with Aldrich, and how often they did not vote at all. The list is printed in the order of the number of times they voted against Aldrich—in the order of their relative insurgency, so to speak. A few especially remarkable pro-Aldrich records on the part of western senators are understood. (Lorimer was not elected until late in the session, and participated in oly 60 roll calls.)

	Voted Against Aldrich.	Voted With Aldrich.	Not voting.
La Follette, Wisconsin	106	18	5
Bristow, Kansas	101	27	1
Clapp, Minnesota	91	20	18
Cummins, Iowa	80	31	9
Dolliver, Iowa	73	45	11
Nelson, Minnesota	69	53	7
Brown, Nebraska	65	56	8
Burkett, Nebraska	58	70	1
Beveridge, Indiana	55	34	40
Crawford, South Dakota	52	70	7
Gamble, South Dakota	32	82	15
Borah, Idaho	25	84	20
Curtis, Kansas	24	82	23
Burton, Ohio	14	114	1
Johnson, North Dakota	13	110	6
McCumber, North Dakota	11	78	40
Jones, Washington	10	80	39
Smith, Michigan	10	61	58
Du Pont, Delaware	8	106	15
Bulkeley, Connecticut	7	102	20
Piles, Washington	7	103	19
Root, New York	7	104	18
Carter, Montana	5	121	3
Dick, Ohio	4	123	2
Heyburn, Idaho	4	124	1
Page, Vermont	4	125	0
Frye, Maine	3	88	88
Gallinger, New Hampshire	3	121	5
Dixon, Montana	3	105	21
Crane, Massachusetts	3	113	13
Burnham, New Hampshire	3	125	3
Brandegee, Connecticut	3	121	5
Bourne, Oregon	2	52	75
Bradley, Kentucky	2	82	45
Clark, Wyoming	2	108	19
Hollom Illinois	2	97	30
Perkins, California	2	112	15
Scott, West Virginia	2	110	17
Wetmore, Rhode Island	2	117	10
Briggs, New Jersey	1	107	21
Burrows, Michigan	1	126	2
Depew, New York	1	97	31
Dillingham, Vermont	1	94	34
Elkins, West Virginia	1	83	45
Guggenheim, Colorado	1	96	32
Hale, Maine	1	82	46
Lodge, Massachusetts	1	102	26
Oliver, Pennsylvania	1	102	26
Penrose, Pennsylvania	1	121	7
Nixon, Nevada	1	87	41
Richardson, Delaware	1	5	123
Stephenson, Wisconsin	1	81	47
Warner, Missouri	1	117	11
Warren, Wyoming	1	97	31
Lorimer, Illinois	1	35	24
Sutherland, Utah	0	117	12
Smoot, Utah	0	129	0
Kean, New Jersey	0	125	4
Flint, California	0	111	18
Aldrich, Rhode Island	0	129	0

Democratic Record.

This list of Democratic senators is printed in the order in which they voted against Aldrich. The number of votes cast with Aldrich is, of course, in the case of a Democratic senator, equally significant:

	Voted Against Aldrich.	Voted With Aldrich.	Not Voting.
Gore, Oklahoma	118	5	6
Bacon, Georgia	111	11	7
Fletcher, Florida	107	12	10
Overman, North Carolina	106	8	15
Johnston, Alabama	103	7	19
Hughes, Colorado	101	9	19
Stone, Missouri	97	7	25
Frazier, Tennessee	97	3	29
Simmons, North Carolina	88	14	27
Taliaferro, Florida	87	14	28
Newlands, Nevada	87	7	35
Martin, Virginia	87	18	24
Chamberlain, Oregon	85	16	28
Culberson, Texas	83	6	40
Clay, Georgia	81	6	42
Bankhead, Alabama	79	10	40
Paynter, Kentucky	75	5	49
Money, Mississippi	74	11	44
Bailey, Texas	69	11	49
McLaurin, Mississippi	67	5	57
Tillman, South Carolina	67	8	54
Taylor, Tennessee	64	11	54
Rayner, Maryland	64	5	60
Foster, Louisiana	63	29	37
Davis, Arkansas	63	6	60
Shively, Indiana	63	4	62
Owen, Oklahoma	62	6	61
Smith, Maryland	61	12	56
Smith, South Carolina	57	3	69
Daniel, Virginia	56	14	59
McEnery, Louisiana	25	66	38
Clarke, Arkansas	10	0	119

WANT TROPHIES RETURNED

Confederate Veterans Try to Get Columbus Flags.

Columbus, August 21.—Encouraged by their recent successes in securing return of flags captured from them by Ohio troops in the civil war, representatives of organizations of survivors of confederate organizations are continuing their efforts in hope of securing those still remaining in the state relic room.

Mrs. J. R. Thames, of Enfield, N. C., was a visitor at the relic room in the state house and asked for information as to confederate flags still there and the names of the organizations from which they were captured and the circumstances of their capture.

Governor Faces Trial

Governor Charles N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, who will be placed on trial soon, charged with fraudulent dealings in Indian lands.

MANY KILLED IN RIOT

Eight Are Dead, Twelve Dying and Forty or More Wounded.

Pittsburg, August 23.—At least six and possibly eight dead; twelve seriously if not fatally wounded, and 40 or more suffering from minor injuries.

This is the record of yesterday's rioting at McKees Rocks, where the striking employes of the Pressed Steel Car company came into conflict with state, county and special police.

It has been impossible to make out an accurate list of the 50 or 60 victims, but the figures given above are believed to be virtually correct.

Much Property Damaged.

Aside from the human sacrifice, property was damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars. Three street cars were wrecked, many vehicles smashed, the streets littered with window glass, close to a hundred doors of houses broken and half dozen horses shot to death.

Daylight changed conditions from a scene of absolute lawlessness to one of tearful anxiety. Foreign women, who had fought with a ferociousness unequalled by their husbands, pathetically implored information of the authorities concerning a missing relative, probably either shot to death or mortally wounded. Such requests were given attention by the state constabulary, who had a few hours before dealt and received death, with a tenderness that was truly magnificent.

Shooting continued from various sections of the strike zone long after the main battle had been fought last night, but did not reach serious proportions and the troopers remained close to the plant. Just as dawn was breaking the constabulary, mounted and heavily armed, rode to the scene of last night's carnage and gathered every particle of evidence.

Every one within the strike district today is stopped by the police and thoroughly searched. The possession of a revolver causes a detention in the box car jails, while those carrying large-sized pen knives are relieved of them and escorted outside the strike zone.

Orders have been issued to the constabulary, deputy sheriffs and special police to shoot at the first sign of trouble. The practice of the past several weeks of firing into the air, has been abolished, and from now on "shoot to kill" is the order.

Wouldn't Obey Strikers.

An investigation shows the entire trouble resulted from the fact that three new members of the state constabulary refused to obey the commands of strikers when ordered from a street car. These troopers, on their way from Greensburg, Pa., to the plant were in citizens' clothes. All were armed. For weeks the strikers have been holding up street cars and ordering the occupants of them out. Heretofore all have obeyed. Last night, however, the three troopers and a deputy sheriff were passengers, and, being armed, refused to be ordered about by the strikers. The resisted and for twenty minutes a battle ensued.

It is apparent today that all the dead and a majority of the injured fell in this battle. Later when re-enforcements arrived many more were clubbed and shot, but the first battle, waged by only four men against a thousand strike sympathizers, was the fatal one. It is said the three troopers had not yet joined the constabulary stationed at the plant.

The force of state police located at Punxsutawney, Pa., which recently took charge of the strike situation at the Standard Steel Car Works, Butler, Pa., has been ordered here and is expected to arrive during the day.

FIRE BURNS 17 HOURS

Decatur Is Swept by $1,000,000 Blaze.

Decatur, Ills., August 23.—A score of business buildings were burned and a dozen others damaged yesterday by a fire that swept along the business portion of East Main, Merchant and Water streets. The total damage is placed at $1,000,000 with insurance about 80 per cent.

The fire burned from 1 o'clock in the morning until sunset and was the worst in the history of the city.

The city experienced a water famine last night, as the supply of water in the city reservoir was almost exhausted by the fire fighters. The waterworks today are working under high pressure to refill the reservoir.

While the fire was at its height a blaze was discovered in the engine room of the Decatur hotel, a half block west of the main fire. There was a panic among the guests, who realized that the firemen already had more than they could handle. Prompt work by hotel employes and guests extinguished the flames before they had spread to any great extent.

Springfield sent an engine and a fire crew to aid Decatur's three engines, but this help was offset by the loss under falling walls of several hundred feet of hose.

Moorehouse & Wells, on East Main street, in whose building the fire started, suffered the greatest damage. Their loss is complete and is said to total $300,000. Other individual losses range from $10,000 to $70,000.

Rebuilding of the burned area will start just as quickly as the ruins cool sufficiently to permit men to remove the debris.

The only person injured during the fire was Robert Lunsford, a driver of a hook and ladder truck. He was cut by falling plate glass.

BIG FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA

Melbourne, August 21.—There are serious floods throughout the state of Victoria. Many villages have been submerged, and there have been a number of fatalities. Railroad communication between Melbourne and Adelaide has been suspended for three days on account of the collapse of bridges.

RENEW NAVAL FIGHT

Marine Corps and Sailor Forces Find Their Wrath Aroused.

Washington, August 23.—The long-standing row between the navy and the marine corps has broken out again as a result of the findings of the court of inquiry in the Sutton case, and a congressional investigation of the marine corps is not improbable. The trouble arose over the minority findings of Commander John Hood, U. S. N., the president of the court, who, on his own responsibility and without the support of his associates, Major Neville and Lieut. Jensen, took occasion to say that the discipline at the marine barracks at Annapolis at the time of the Sutton trouble was not of the proper sort.

"The testimony concerning the whole deporable affair," according to Commander Hood's minority report, "indicates a state of discipline then existing in the marine school of application discreditable to the service and argues strongly against the practice of commissioning and putting into positions of responsibility young men without proper training."

Marine officers say Commander Hood went entirely outside the precept under which the court operated when he wrote the above and that it was merely a gratuitous affront to the marine corps.

"It is the old fight between the two branches of the service,' said a marine office yesterday. "The court was not asked to go into such matters, and in writing such a minority report Commander Hood has taken a crack at the marine corps.

"The matter will be put up to Secretary Meyer when he returns to Washington, and it is by no means unlikely that he will revoke the assistant secretary's approval of that part of the court's findings. But we will not stop there. We will see that it is brought up in congress next winter."

An interesting feature of the Sutton inquiry is the discovery at the marine barracks at Annapolis of the missing guard report book, which was sought high and low during the inquiry. This book was wanted because it contained the records of the sentries on the night of the shooting. After a long, futile search it was agreed by the officers at the barracks that the book must have gone to Port Royal, S. C., when the marine school of application was moved there. A few days ago the book turned up.

One of the venerable pay clerks at the barracks was given a new desk and chair some months ago. The chair was too low, so he put the book on his chair and placed over it a fine soft cushion. There the guard report book has rested ever since.

FIFTY DIE OF THE CHOLERA

Two-Thirds of Cases in Philippines Are Fatal.

Washington, August 23.—Fifty deaths out of a total of 76 cases of cholera occurred in the Philippine Islands for the week ended June 26, according to information just received by Surgeon General Wyman, of the public health and marine hospital service.

Chief Quarantine Officer Heiser, of Manila, reports that 14 cases of the disease occurred in Samar, 27 in the mountains, nine in the Oriental negros and 26 in the Pamphanga provinces.

DEACON LURED AWAY TO HAVE A GLIMPSE OF MR. TAFT

Beverly, Mass., August 24.—Deacon Zacharius Squiggs peeked surreptitiously from the vestibule of his church and cocked one eye in the direction of the Unitarian church, half a block away, where a crowd of constantly increasing numbers was gathering to await the arrival of the President.

"Consarn it!" muttered the deacon as he went back into the deserted anteroom and laid one hand on the bell rope. "Consarn it, if that ain't the toughest! Here I be less'n tew minutes' walk from where President's comin' and not a chanst o' seein' him!" Then he grasped the manila cable with both hands and gave it a vicious tug.

"Consarn it! consarn it! consarn it!" he ejaculated with each downward sweep of his arm. His alpaca coat wrinkled uncomfortably across his back, the beads of sweat started out on his forehead, and his white lawn tie started in the direction of the notes drifting downward from the belfry. Inside the church the depleted congregation looked over its shoulders at the rows of vacant pews that told who was making up that crowd in front of the Unitarian church. Even the tenor slipped unostentatiously into the choir loft only at the last moment, fully conscious of the frowns of the bass, the mild disapproval of the alto and the questioning eyebrows of the soprano. The preacher mounted to his pulpit and adjusted his gold rimmed spectacles the better to satisfy himself that the sad story which his unassisted eyes had told him was true.

Deacon Squiggs, his weekly task of summoning finished, dropped into a seat near the door and idly turned the leaves of a hymnal. Now and then he relieved the tension by murmuring "Consarn it" quietly to himself, for though the deacon is not a swearing man he shrank from disturbing even by this mild expletive the ears that showed beneath a yellow leghorn hat in the pew ahead.

The organist was a little slow taking his cue after the pastor had announced the first hymn and in the interval of silence there was wafted to the acute ears of the deacon a distinct penetrating sound. It was the shrill whine of a siren, sounding a good deal like the Boston & Maine Boston accommodation leaving Prides Crossing eight minutes late, but unmistakably rising from a source far different. It was the warning note sounded by the President's chauffeur as he skirted the edges of the crowd in front of the Unitarian church.

That decided Deacon Squiggs. As the congregation rose and its voices blended in the opening line there was one voice which blended not. Its owner at that moment was stepping very high in the direction of the door, very cautiously too, as he selected the seconds when the organ blared loudest to place the squeaking soles of his shoes upon the floor.

The street outside was deserted except where two or three starched and pigtailed little girls were running so as not to be too late to see the President. The deacon hurried over the ground at a tremendous rate for one of his years and came to the fringe of the crowd as it was turning away from the closed doors of the church.

"Tew late, consarn it!" breathed the deacon as he was jostled off the curb and narrowly escaped being struck by a passing Wenham car. And then the deacon took thought unto himself and did a rash thing. Never before had he entered the door of the Unitarian church, but his curiosity outweighed his sectarianism and he mounted the steps.

The body of the house was comfortably filled with a few empty seats far forward, and the deacon's heart failed him at the thought of creaking down the aisle before the gaze of the pillars of the church. In the gallery he found a place, and that was better anyway, he thought, for it commanded a view of the congregation below.

"Whar's he?" he whispered to his neighbor, as the preacher began reading the first lesson.

"Fifth pew from the front, center section, jest off the left aisle. See him?" was the answer.

"Yep," the deacon replied triumphantly, and he gazed long and hard at the presidential back.

The service continued without incident. It was along toward the close of the sermon and the deacon was nodding perceptibly, with both eyes fixed on the broad shoulders in the pastor's pew. Then without warning the deacon straightened and looked about him, with his eyes popping.

"By Hector!" he muttered; "the collection box! Binged if I didn't clean fergit it!"

In his patriotic enthusiasm Deacon Squiggs had not remembered that for 52 Sundays a year for 36 years he had not missed passing the plate.

With one last look toward the seat in front of the secret service men the deacon tiptoed as gently as possible out of the gallery and down the stairs. His record coming from the other church was as nothing compared to the time he made going back.

There was no hymn this time to drown the sound of his boot squeaks, and as he slipped into that back seat again every head in the congregation pivoted around in unison, every eye surveyed him for a moment in pitying consternation and then wheeled slowly back toward the preacher as that worthy man was saying something about taking more thought for the one lamb who had wandered from the fold than for the ninety and nine that remained.

Aside from the leaking out of the temporary desertion of Deacon Zaccharius Squiggs, who after all was only one of many who left their home churches to be present at Beverly's weekly event, today's uneventfulness has been unbroken.

The President thought his clubs were hardy enough to brave a Scotch mist, and he and Mr. Hammond played their fourth match against W. J. Boardman and Gen. Adelbert Ames. Mr. Taft and his partner were one to the good over the course at Essex, and that means that there will have to be a rubber, as the matches stand two apiece now. It may be that they will even decide to make it four out of seven—that is, if the President loses the next time.

Mr. Taft took luncheon at Mr. Hammond's place in Gloucester with Prof. Lewis More and Mrs. More, Mrs. Taft's sister. Afterward he took an automobile drive to Topsfield and had dinner with his brother at Manchester, and there you are.

Thomas W. Lawson's invitation to attend the Marshfield fair on August 26 wasn't attractive enough to make the President break his rule of staying around Beverly, even though it offered a chance to "take a peep at the potatoes, pumpkins and cabbages which have never missed causing the mouth of red-blooded Americans to water."

The dates have not been fixed for the conferences with Secretary Meyer and Attorney General Wickersham.

TAFT SIFTS BUREAU ROW

Tries to Bring About Peace Between Pinchot and Ballinger.

Washington, August 23.—Information received in Washington is to the effect that President Taft has just completed a careful inquiry into the causes for the controversy between Secretary of the Interior Ballinger and Forester Pinchot over the policy of conservation of natural resources.

What conclusions he has reached are not known here. It has been assumed in Washington that the President would uphold the hand of Secretary Ballinger, and that Mr. Pinchot accordingly, would be permitted to retire from the public service.

There is reason to believe that the President is hopeful of so adjusting this matter as to enable both Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot to continue with the new administration, which is committed to the Roosevelt policy of conservation.

Under the preceding administration lands bearing coal and embracing waterpower sites were withdrawn from entry in the absence of specific law on the subject. This "loose construction" of the law was approved by President Roosevelt. Secretary Ballinger is insistent that the law shall be "strictly constructed," but he has expressed the belief that it should be so changed as to permit the withdrawal at will of such lands as in the opinion of the government should be conserved for the benefit of the whole people.

That such a recommendation will be made to congress in the President's message in December is generally known. It is believed that in the meantime the warring forester and the secretary of the interior will be brought together and impressed with the necessity of working in harmony. There is a possibility, of course, that the controversy may continue to such a point that either Mr. Ballinger or Mr. Pinchot, or both, may be compelled to retire, but the opinion prevails that the difficulty will soon be smoothed over.

President Taft has been fully advised of Mr. Ballinger's connection with the Cunningham claim, covering coal lands in Alaska. It appears that Mr. Ballinger, prior to his appointment as secretary of the interior, acted as counsel for the Cunningham interests, but as the head of the interior department he did not pass upon the claim. This work was turned over to Land Commissioner Dennett and Acting Secretary Pierce, Mr. Ballinger taking this action out of a sense of propriety.

JAP LEADERS ARE SENTENCED

Honolulu Court Imposes Fine and Imprisonment on Four.

Honolulu, August 23.—Ten months' imprisonment and a fine of $300 each, was the sentence imposed Saturday by Judge J. T. Debolt on President Makino, of the Japanese higher wage association; Editor Soga, of the Nippu Jiji, the Japanese newspaper supporting the strike of the Japanese plantation laborers, and Negoro and Tasheka, assistant editors on that paper. The four Japanese were

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BOY HERO HIDES DEED

Wouldn't Tell Why His Clothes Happened to Be So Wet.

New York, August 24.—Not many families can boast two heroes in the same generation, especially when they are both under 15 years of age. But this is the case of the Dand family, however, and even though their two boys—Jimmie, 12, and George, 14—are wards of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children's home at 163 Grand street, Jersey City, they are heroes of the finest brand.

Jimmie is the pet of "Mother" Read, the home's matron, and whenever she has an errand of importance Jimmie is the boy selected. It fell to Jimmie's lot to go to Pacific avenue the other day, and en route he had to cross the bridge that spans the Morris canal. When midway of the bridge Jimmie heard a scream and saw a child struggling in the water.

Without removing hat, coat or shoes Jimmie dived into the water, 12 feet below. In a few strokes he was at the side of the drowning child, swam with him to shore and then set to work to resuscitate him. The rescued boy was Peter Silo, 6 years old, o. 372 Johnson avenue, Jersey City, and had tumbled into the canal while trying to grasp a toy boat he had been sailing.

Jimmie executed the commission on which he had been sent and returned to the home. "Mother" Read saw that he was very wet, but Jimmie told her the rain had beaten through his umbrella. When he was undressing for bed, his brother, George, saw Jimmie's underclothes were soaked, and then Jimmie told of his life-saving experience. "Mother" Read was called and Jimmie was rewarded with an extra thick slice of bread and sugar.

George distinguished himself at the big fire which swept through the coal yards of the Burns Coal company, at Communipaw, two weeks ago. There was great difficulty in getting hose across the canal at this point. Fire Chief Conway called for volunteers to swim the canal with a line of hose. George colunteered, made four trips, each time with a line connected with hose tied to his shoulders. Chief Conway congratulated the little chap and George was then and there made an "honorary" life member of Jersey City's fire department.

DO NOT ADVERTISE ENOUGH

Otherwise Berlin Stores Are Quite Up to Date.

Berlin, August 24.—J. Gimbel, a widely known Philadelphia merchant, who has been staying at the Adlon, in Berlin, gave the correspondent some of his impressions of men and things in Germany. Naturally, he was most interested in the great mercantile establishments which in recent years have sprung up in Berlin.

He says the new Gimbel stores in New York will be twice as big as the huge Wertheim store in Berlin. The ground surface covered will not be much greater, but it will have thirteen stories, whereas Wertheim has only seven, including the cellars.

"It strikes me," said Mr. Gimbel, "that the Berlin stores don't have enough elevators. We shall have 51 in New York, of them 36 for people. Otherwise it would seem to me that Berlin stores are as up-to-date as anything we have yonder. They are much more artistic than most of our stores, and that is a sound business principle, because stores are meant to appeal to women, and women will always go where they can find nice, artistically dressed shops—and even a little superfluous decoration."

He was much impressed by the Berlin use of palms and growing plants for decorating, and said Berlin has wisely not driven the craze for using up every inch of space to such a pitch as have storekeepers in the United States.

He thinks that the stores here ought to advertise more, remarking that his Philadelphia establishment has a whole page advertisement every day in all the big Philadelphia papers.

"I am a thorough believer in advertising," he added, "especially newspaper advertising, and I believe more Americans would come to Berlin if Berlin hotels advertised themselves more. I doubt if we in America have anything quite so lavish in the way of hotels as the Adlon or the Esplanade, in Berlin."

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3968 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

CATS FLOCK TO CATNIP

Every Back Yard and Alley Gives Up Its Yowling Denizens.

New York, August 24.—All the unemployed cats in Harlem met at Fifth avenue and 116th street last night. It was there that G. Herman Gottlieb, of No. 180 East Ninety-ninth street, who had left the subway at Lenox avenue and 110th street a few minutes before, decided that a man carrying two baskets of freshly picked catnip has a small chance of escaping from an army of determined cats. It was at that corner that he turned on those cats that had followed him from the subway station and tried to frighten them into returning to their homes.

Nothing doing.

Not only did the cats that had followed him decline to leave but other cats arrived in large numbers. Shame-faced felines whose permanent addresses are alleys and back yards came stealthily forth. All of them, rich and poor, aristocrats from the sofa cushions near the front windows and thin plebians from the areaways, struggled mightily to get into the two baskets of catnip.

G. Herman Gottlieb was agitated. He had gone to Washington Heights to pick the catnip that he might sell it. He viewed with alarm the prospect of being held up by a band of cats and frightened off, giving the stuff away. When he saw Police Sergeant Higgins coming he almost cried with joy.

Somebody should have told him to put not his faith in sergeants. The first time Higgins did after wading through several strata of cats was to arrest Gottlieb.

"You're causing a crowd to collect," said Higgins, sternly, "and that's against the law."

"Why don't you arrest the catnip?" asked the beset Gottlieb. "That is collecting the crowd; not I."

"Come on," said Higgins, "before the cats from the Bronx and Jersey get here."

He took Gottlieb to the East 104th street station, and the cats went along. They followed the men into the station house and made themselves at home while Sergeant Higgins reported the arrest to Lieutenant Lally.

"We can't hold this man," said the lieutenant. "The law says a man must not cause a crowd of people to collect. The law doesn't say anything about cats."

"The law doesn't say anything about people," retorted the sergeant hotly, "it says 'a crowd.' A crowd of cats is certainly a crowd."

Diversity was given to the debate by the attempt on the part of Pete, the station house cat, to thrash the intruders one at a time. He was succeeding pretty well when the police drove the survivors out on the steps.

Gottlieb, liberated and still clinging to the baskets of catnip, was placed in a patrol wagon and driven rapidly toward his home. The cats tried to keep up with the patrol wagon, but, although they proved to be fair sprinters, they could not qualify as distance runners. Gottlieb left the patrol wagon and, hugging the precious catnip to his bosom, ran for his catless home. At his heels was a frayed old black cat, the only survivor of the catnip Marathon. Gottlieb threw the black cat a handful of catnip.

"Don't tell your relatives or your friends," he warned, as he slammed the door.

ARMY IS IN DANGER

Spanish Force at Melilla Not Large Enough.

London, August 24.—A dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from Melilla, declares that the censorship is very severe and prevents the truth of the situation becoming known through any Spanish route.

The position of the Spanish force, says the Telegraph's correspondent, is extremely difficult and grave at the present moment. They are obliged to remain on the defensive and have a front of several miles, needing at least 14,000 men to protect it, while 20,000 others are required to provision the advanced posts.

An attack by land is impossible and operations must be begun from the sea by landing men. This will require a force of 25,000 of the best quality and the construction of a canal into Marchica, which will occupy fully five weeks.

Accordingly, Spain will need to send reinforcements of 50,000 men, who will be engaged in an objectless campaign and will be spread over the mountains, where there is no village to occupy, forced to remain inactive because the whole country is hostile, and an advance to the south is utterly impossible.

Even if an advance was successful, the situation, says the correspondent, would be worse, because then the army would be split up to occupy a dozen positions all open to attack and whose victualling would be most dangerous and difficult.

"ROWDY SQUAD" WORKS HARD

New York Police Get After the Toughs on Cars.

New York, August 24.—Sunday disturbance in subway trains returning from the pleasure parks has grown so serious of late that this wek Commissioner Baker, of the police department, detailed 30 plain clothes men to guard the peacefully minded. Before night was over the new "rowdy squad" made 34 arrests.

Eighteen of the prisoners were under age and few of the remainder more than 23. In night court their cases were dealt with promptly, and those who had annoyed women and children were shown no leniency. Several offenders were sent to the workhouse and the others got fines ranging from $5 to $10.

BROADER LAW OPENING

Head of Bar Association Approves of Corporation Tax.

Detroit, August 24.—The excise tax upon corporations imposed at the special session of congress, has a significance far beyond its revenue features, according to Frederick W. Lehmann, president of the American Bar association, who delivered his annual address at the meeting of the organization today: "It is of highest importance as the opening door to regulation which will broaden with the years," said Mr. Lehmann. "There is in this no invasion of merely private affairs. A business conducted by corporate methods is not a private business. Corporate powers are not natural rights and the general welfare is the only justification for the grant of them. The right of public supervision inheres in them and is as broad as the interests that may be affected."

Mr. Lehmann declared that the trust is obsolete. "Nobody now is so ignorant or so defiant of law as to think of forming one," said he. "And it is very easy to do much better. Out of the ashes of the 'trust' has sprung the holding company, the 'trust' in an improved, perfected form. The holding company does, and is designed to do exactly what was done by the 'trust,' and does it more efficiently. Is it under the ban of the law? Certainly not in all of the states."

Possesses Fullest Power.

"But the holding company is not the full and final development of industrial combination," continued Mr. Lehmann. "This is reached in the single corporation with unlimited power of capitalization and direct ownership of the business and properties with which it deals. Here is eliminated even the disturbing element of minority interests in constituent companies. Yet states which prohibit 'trusts' and assume to prohibit monopolies, set no bounds to the capitalization of their corporations or fix the limit so high that under it many industries may be completely engrossed.

"The result of such legislation is simply to prevent combination where the appearance of competition is maintained and to sanction it where the combination is open, avowed and most effective. That certainly was not the popular purpose. The movement against 'trusts' was against the monopoly of industry or business, however accomplished, and the more thoroughly it was done, the greater was the objection to it. The assurance that the economies resulting from combination would cheapen production and that this would go to the benefit of the consumer was never accepted.

"Our people have no faith in a benevolent despotism. They know that power tends to abuse. A corporation large enough to engross an industry cannot be trusted to a generous or even a just use of its mastery. An enlightened self-interest may find its real and lasting advantage in moderation, but self-interest does not mean self-enlightenment. Recent disclosures show that greed has not changed its nature and still grows by what it feeds upon. The complete absorption of a rival is not beyond its capacity, and the crumbs of a false balance are not beneath its covetousness.

Duties on Imports.

"Almost the first law enacted by the first congress of the United States at its first session was one levying duties upon imports, the purposes declared by the act being the support of government, the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, and we have never been without such a law. What may thus be aided by the government may also be regulated, for there is no more stretch of federal authority in the exercise of control over our industries than in extending to them a constant fostering care.

"The investor in corporate securities needs the protection which comes from supervision and publicity. The New York Bar association recently recommended a law permitting corporations to issue shares without a par value and as representing only aliquot parts of the ownership. The proposition, it was said, had attracted a great deal of sympathetic support from business men who were looking for a way of reconciling the necessary methods of business with the interests of ethics, and who feel that they have been disturbed by the apparent conflict and more than an apparent conflict between the universal practice that we know in the organization of corporations with capital stocks not perhaps entirely within the bounds of the figures that have been annexed, to the money value of the property.

"Never was more serious charge conveyed in softer phrase, and never was father confessor more gentle in rebuke. Stripped of its euphemism, the charge is that falsehood universally prevails in the capitalization of corporations and the utmost extent of the remedy proposed is silence. A watered share having an announced par value is a positive misrepresentation, a share issued as an aliquot part is an equivocation; it gives no information and it cries caution only to the initiated. Why not have it speak, and speak the truth?"

DENIES DIVORCE TO AGED

Justice Refuses Divorce to Woman Nearly Sixty.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 24.—Mrs. Jane Ashton-Jones, of this city, who has been married four times and now wants to marry again, was refused the divorce she desired and which would have permitted her to take a fifth mate.

She is 58 and her husband is 65. Judge Fuller says that while the law perhaps should grant a divorce to a young and innocent couple who find they cannot live together owing to some serious reason and thus retrieve a mistake otherwise ruinous to life, it should sedulously avoid the result of making divorces easy for persons of mature discretion hardened and enlightened by years of matrimonial experience.

WIRELESS STATION IS BURNED

No More Marconigrams Can Cross the Atlantic.

New York, August 21.—The Marconi wireless headquarters received a telegram this noon announcing that the operating and condensing buildings of the trans-Atlantic wireless station at Glace Bay, N. S., were destroyed by fire this morning. The operating building is the chief one of the plant, and wireless communication across the Atlantic will be interrupted by the fire. There will be no interruption of the usual wireless service to and from steamers off the coast.

HUNDREDS DIE IN SHIPWRECK

Buenos Ayres, August 24.—A collision today between two excursion steamers at the entrance of Montevideo harbor, resulted in the drowning of from 150 to 300 persons, mostly women and children.

The vessels were the Argentine steamer Colombis, carrying passengers from Buenos Ayres to the festival at Montevideo, and a German steamer also engaged in the local passenger service. The latter went down so quickly that all attempts at rescue were practically hopeless.

It is said that the captain of the German steamer and a few of the passengers were saved. The captain had to be restrained from committing suicide.

MAY THWART PLAN OF STANDARD OIL

Trust Pursues Course to Hold Up Independent Producers.

Washington, August 24.—The manifest purpose of the Standard Oil trust to hold up the independent oil producers of Oklahoma and other western oil producing states by cutting the price paid by it for crude petroleum may be prevented by the government using a club provided by the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

Under the new law the Standard was favored to an almost inestimable extent by the placing of crude petroleum on the free list. With this advantage the giant monopoly was placed in a position to make prices of crude oil bought by it from independent dealers to suit itself.

Indians holding oil lands under rights in Oklahoma complain that the Standard has reduced its purchase price for crude oil from 41 to 39 cents a barrel. The Indians have asked the government to compel the Standard to respect their rights in regard to prices. Some of the oil lands owned by Indians have been leased on the royalty basis to white operators.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Pierce has given it as his opinion that this royalty should be based on a price of $1 a barrel instead of the oil price of 41 cents which the Standard is now cutting to 39 cents.

The independents say the Standard is adopting methods of coercion by threatening to buy oil from the Mexican producers upon which there is now no duty unless the Oklahoma men accept the price of 39 cents.

In casting about for a way to bring the Standard to terms and at the same time protect the interests of the government wards the interior department is seeking an interpretation of a provision of paragraph 639 of the new tariff law which provides for the free admission of crude petroleum and other products of oil. In this paragraph the free entry of these products is permitted with this proviso:

"By such means as shall be satisfactory to the secretary of the treasury and under regulations to be prescribed by him."

Some of the government law experts figure that this gives the secretary of the treasury the right to exercise discretion whether the imports shall or shall not be admitted free of duty.

CUTS RECORD TIME

Glenn Curtiss Is Cheered by Big Crowd at Rheims Course.

Rheims, France, August 24.—Glenn H. Curtiss, the American aviator, and M. Pauilham, representing France, divided the honors of the second day of aviation week, the former with a thrilling flight just before dusk in which he lowered the speed record for the course, which measures six and one-fifth miles, to 8 minutes 35 2-5 seconds; the latter making two impressively high altitude flights of 49½ and 56 kilometers respectively in the endurance test for the Prix de la Champagne.

Curtiss' performance began just as the time limit for the start of the Prix de la Champagne was expiring, when the American enthusiasts had abandoned hope of seeing their representative take the field. Amid the unbounded jubilation of the French spectators, Bleriot only a few minutes before had clipped 16 seconds off Lefevbre's record made yesterday with his powerful 80-horsepower monoplane.

Has Crowd of Admirers.

Suddenly at one end of the field a cry went up: "The American is starting!" All eyes were strained to that particular point, where Cortlandt Field Bishop, president of the Aero club of America, and a crowd of other admirers surrounded Curtiss. With a preliminary run along the ground of 100 yards the machine rose lightly and shot by the tribunes at a height of 60 feet. It was going at a terrific pace, with the wing level as a plain. Curtiss made the last turn under the mistaken impression that the finish line was closer. He descended so close to earth that many thought he touched, but, perceiving his error, he mounted quickly and easily, crossing the line majestically. An instant later the signal was hoisted that he had made a record.

Curtiss said that he had not pushed his machine to the limit of its speed and laughingly declined to say more, adding that the most interesting incident of his flight was the view he got of his fallen rivals strewn around the course.

Waits Until Saturday.

It is the intention of the American aviator now to await patiently the international event for the Gordon-Bennett cup, Saturday, for which he is again the favorite, after which he will try for the prix de la vitesse, the final of which will be contested on Sunday.

Paulham alone made a record in the endurance test, but Lefevbre, Sommers, Sanchis-Pesa, Bleriot, Delagrange, Lambert, Cockburn, Bunau-Varilla, Gobren, Latham, Tissandier and Farman qualified with flights varying from 200 meters to 25 kilometers, the majority contenting themselves with covering sufficient distance to get within the limit. During Paulham's long flight chance races took place between him and Bleriot and Lefevbre, the latter two outspeeding the high flying Paulham. Bleriot appeared while Paulham was completing his fourth round and with his 80-horsepower monoplane swiftly overhauled and passed under the biplane, leaving it far behind.

NO MEAT IN 80 YEARS

Rev. Henry Clubb Says the Bible Eschews It as Human Food.

Cleveland, August 24.—Almost 80 years of potatoes, cabbage, corn and onions. Never a taste of meat, clam or lobster. Rev. Henry S. Clubb, 83 years old, president of the Vegetarian Society of America, resident of Philadelphia and temporary sojourner in Cleveland, is hale, hearty and happy.

"I was the smallest sort of a boy when I accepted the Bible as my guide," said Rev. Mr. Clubb.

"I studied the word from a practical viewpoint. How did the Bible intend that I should live? One of the very first things I learned was that God never intended that I should eat meat. I was just a small boy, but I made up my mind to accept God's advice. From that day to this no morsel of beef or veal or any other flesh has passed my lips."

Certainly no one who looks at the fresh, pink, healthy face of Rev. Mr. Clubb would question the efficacy of vegetarianism—at least as applied to Rev. Mr. Clubb.

But Mr. Clubb was not content to merely practice vegetarianism. He wanted to preach it as well. So away back in the '70s he affiliated with the Bible Christian church.

The Bible Christian church is unique, but it is not numerous. In America there is but one congregation of the denomination. This one parish is to be found in Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Clubb is its minister. Though 83 years old, he preaches regularly every Sunday morning and every Sunday evening, exhorting the flock to stand firm by the vegetarian creed.

"The Bible Christian church," says Rev. Mr. Clubb, "is orthodox. But just as the Baptist church lays its special stress upon immersion, so the Bible Christian church is emphatic in the matter of vegetarianism. It is our doctrine, our dogma and our creed not to eat meat.

"The church was founded on the word of God. We first accepted God's word purely as a matter of faith. And now come all the physicians and the physiologists and confirm our belief. That meat is not food is now a scientific fact."

WILL ENTER NEW ORLEANS

Trains of Frisco Road Will Run in by September 1.

New Orleans, La., August 24.—After many delays and much difficulty in securing an entrance to New Orleans it was positively announced by Frisco railroad officials today that the trains of that system would be run into this city on September 1. It is planned that the road shall eventually run into New Orleans on its own tracks. In the meantime the tracks of the Louisiana Railway and Navigation company will be used bewteen New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

MADE INSANE BY TOURISTS

Guide Says Fussy Charges Unbalanced His Mind.

San Francisco, August 24.—George L. Root, a tourist conductor of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, who was found wandering about the railroad yards in a half-demented condition yesterday, attributes his mental breakdown to the complaints, protests and questions poured into his unwilling ears by a party of tourists of which he was in charge on the trip to the coast from Kansas City. In one of his lucid intervals at the hospital he said that he was a brother of F. B. Root, city ticket agent for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Kansas City. He declared that the woes of his charges, after a slight accident in Colorado, caused his mind to become unbalanced from worry.

BIG DISASTER AVERTED

Steamers Near Collision in Thick Fog.

New York, Augusct 24.—Captain Rott and passengers arriving today on the steamer Grosser Kurfurst told a thrilling story of how the big liner narrowly averted a head-on collision with another big steamer, whose name was unknown, while off the banks of Newfoundland the night of August 20.

The night had been clear up to 11 o'clock, and many pasesngers were pacing the promenade deck, when a thick fog suddenly settled over the water and a few minutes later the outline of a large steamer loomed up, scarcely 100 yards ahead.

"I gave orders for full speed astern," Captain Rott said, "and as I did so I saw the lights of the big liner bearing down upon us. In less time than it takes to tell it the big ship glided by and so closely that I could hear the officer on the bridge shouting his orders. The fog was so dense that it was impossible for me to make out the funnels of the stranger or in any other way to identify her, but I do know it was the closest call I ever had in all my experiences at sea."

JUSTICE M'KENNA MAY QUIT

Likely to Be Forced From Bench by Poor Health.

San Francisco, Cal., August 24.—Associate Justice McKenna, of the United States supreme court, is about to retire, owing to ill health, according to a statement made by intimate friends of the jurist here. Governor General James F. Smith, of the Philippines, is mentioned as his probable successor.

Justice McKenna, who was appointed a member of the supreme court in 1898, has been in poor health for some time. He has talked freely to his friends about his retirement.

He is said to be extremely desirous of remaining on the bench, but his health prevents him.

KILLS BRIDE CHOSEN BY SON

Aged Man Kills Daughter-in-Law and Himself.

South Norwalk, Conn., August 24.—Infuriated because his son had eloped with the sister of the bride he had selected for him, James Cavanaugh, a retired brass worker, shot and killed his pretty daughter-in-law yesterday and then fired a shot into his own head from which he died in a few minutes.

James Cavanagh, Jr., jilted Sarah Fitzgerald for Nellie Fitzgerald, who was younger and prettier. The father resented this change of heart, and he and his new daughter-in-law had frequent quarrels.

The dead man was 60 and his victim 26.

WALL STREET ANXIOUS

Harriman's Health Is Important Factor.

New York, August 23.—Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review says:

A great deal more importance is attached to Mr. Harriman's health than would be necessary if his securities were selling strictly on their merits. But the recent dazzling operations have so excited the imagination of the uninitiated, that it is difficult to get at the real value of this group of stocks, especially as their valuation is so vitally affected by speculative holdings of other shares by the parent company. No one doubts that Union Pacific and Southern Pacific have wonderfully developed under progressive methods, backed by the marvelous growth of the far west, without which their present status would have been impossible. Because of this growth these properties no doubt have a magnificent future; but who knows what Union Pacific will be worth ex-segration, or what would happen to this huge combination, still in its formative stages, if it unexpectedly lost its master mind?

The stock market has again been dominated by the Harriman issues, unfavorable rumors concerning his health causing a sharp decline in Union Pacific, which in turn precipitated large realizing sales in the general market. There has consequently been a good deal of feverishness at times and a conspicuously unsettled tone, although it cannot be said that the undertone of confidence has been seriously impaired in the general situation. Were it not for the fear of excessive manipulation by the big operators there would no doubt have been good public buying on the reaction, but the fact that the market has recently been so intensely artificial is generally understood and creates more or less distrust. At the same time the market still remains in strong hands, and the probability is that the leading shares will be protected for the present at least against any additional violent break.

Reports from the west are very optimistic, and the belief in trade improvement strengthens rather than weakens. The harvest is now begun in many sections and results are reported as satisfactory. It is still too early for any satisfactory data as to corn, August, it must be remembered, usually being a period of deterioration. Nevertheless, the expectation still holds for a 3,000,000,000 busniel corn crop, along with this wave of optimism, however, is a note of caution. Western buyers, it is to be noted, are taking hold of textile and other manufactured products very cautionsly, fearing that present high prices may check consumption and leave them stranded with large stocks of high priced goods. Since the tariff agitation was settled, a decided sense of relief has been felt in many manufacturing circles, and prices in numerous cases have already advanced in consequence. There must, of course, be a limit to the level to which values can be raised, and, apparently, that limit will not be reached until the point of exhaustion; or until the consumer through sheer inability must refuse to pay. A favorable development has been the recent decline in cereals to more reasonable prices. This will tend to somewhat offset the high cost of living by providing cheaper food. It should also facilitate a much needed increase of exports. The liberal gains in recent railroad earnings confirm reports of improving business; for, though rates are frequently better than a year ago, the gains without this additional revenue are large enough to demonstrate a very considerable enlargement of traffic.

MUST BE PURE JUICE

Second Decision Is Given on Grape Wine.

Washington, August 24.—Upholding its contention that the consumer is, under the food and drug act, entitled to know the character of the product he buys, the board of food and drug inspection of the department of agriculture today issued a decision, declaring that a beverage cannot be labeled wine unless it is made from the "normal alcoholic fermentation of juice of sound, ripe grapes, without addition or abstraction, either prior or subsequent to fermentation."

The term "wine" can only be used for a beverage made from the marc of grapes if the beverage is labeled "imitation," a fermented beverage prepared from grape "must" by the addition of sugar may be termed "sugar wine" according to the board's decision. The addition of water to the grape "must" will also require further characterization that the term "wine." The decision was reached by the board in connection with the labeling of Ohio and Missouri wines.

MAYOR DEFIES WHOLE STATE

Risks Arrest Rather Than Close Atlantic City Saloons.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 24.—Openly threatened with arrest by reformers if he refuses to carry out the mandate of Attorney General Wilson to close Atlantic City saloons Sunday within ten days, Mayor F. P. Stoy, calmly took the head of the big revolt against state excise laws yesterday and refused to accept service of the formal order.

Irate ministers at the head of the reform fight, who secured the order to put on the resort lid, promise to place the mayor under arrest at the end of the ten days of grace unless he acts, and will also consult the attorney general concerning proceedings for contempt because of the refusal of the city executive to receive the state paper.

HIS CLAIM ONLY $30,000,000

"Capt." Streeter Goes to Chicago to See About It.

Chicago, August 24.—"Captain" Streeter who claims ownership of many acres of land along the lake shore of Chicago, is enroute here aboard the ship Carrie J., to make a sortie on the persons who have taken over land on the lake shore, to the immediate north.

The captain has enlisted the support of a few alleged millionaires residents of Colorado and Indiana, and confidently expects to recover his property when he lands. At present he is tied up at Morris, Ill., in the canal, but expects to sight Chicago within a few days.

The captain has made little progress heretofore in his attempt to make good his squatter's rights to the lands valued at something like $30,000,000.

BILL STIRS 'EM UP SOME

Before He's Dead 21 Citizens Bear Scars of Combat.

Monroe, La., August 24.—Half-crazed, either by whisky or cocaine, Bill Way, a negro from Hineville, Ark., dashed down the main street of Monroe today with a double-barreled shotgun, firing in every direction. Citizens returned the fire and the negro finally fell dead, after receiving a score or more of wounds. Twenty-one citizens were injured in the fight.

STORM RAGES IN GULF

Lake Charles, La., August 24.—Strong winds and a heavy incoming tide in Calcasieu river last night indicated that a severe storm was raging on the gulf. There is no means of communication with Cameron, at the mouth of the river, until the regular steamer arrives late today. It is feared the gale has done much damage to the rice now ready for harvest, much of which is still uncut.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, August 21.—Bradstreets says: "Jobbing trade and manufacturing industry tend to expand as the vacation season wanes and harvest possibilities grow into certainties.

From a number of markets, however, comes the reiteration of reports that purchasers take hold conservatively and that retailers are still cautious buyers. Currency shipments to the country are enlarging and money is certainly firmer. Something like a sobering process has been witnessed in the securities markets, which are lower all around.

Perhaps the most encouraging features reported this week come from a few of the leading industries. Iron and steel buying has become more confident, railway purchasing being in evidence and premiums are being offered for early deliveries of materials intended for manufacture.

The higher range of prices for cereals, particularly winter wheat, has encouraged the movement from the farms, and the number of idle cars has decreased, with talk of a car shortage before the close of the year.

Business failures for the week ended with August 19 were 183, against 219 last week, 236 in the like week of 1908, 153 in 1907, 155 in 1906 and 176 in 1905."

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Ohio, August 24.—Lack of export demand, fading of cash premiums and the liberal movement sum up the cause of weakness in wheat. After opening lower, the market displayed a firmer tendency at the end of the first half hour, when prices were about on a level with yesterday's close. Lower cables resulted from lower offerings of American and Russian wheat and prospects of a liberal increase in the European visible supply. Save for light rains in the northwest, the weather was clear. One of the chief influences on the selling side was the forecast of clear weather in the three leading spring wheat states. Receipts were somewhat lighter than yesterday all around. Cash opened at $1.07½, September unchanged at $1.08, December ⅜c down at $1.06¾, and May ¼c off at $1.08¼.

Strength at Minneapolis developed from buying of futures against heavy cash sales of flour. Prices remained confined to a range of about ¼c during the day. Toledo cash closed ¼c off at $1.07½. September the same amount off at $1.07¾, December steady at $1.07⅛ and May unchanged at $1.08½. Liverpool closed ⅝d to 1d lower.

Until drought is broken in the corn belt, the market is expected to show more or less strength, though the situation was a trifle easier all around at the start in the local market. September at the outset was ⅜c advanced at 69⅞c, but at 10 o'clock the price slumped to 69¼c. December opened with a loss of ⅞c and May opened ½c lower at 58⅛c.

Corn firmed up as the session developed and the weather map showed no prospects of rain. As an offset to the strength was selling by Chicago longs. Toledo closes were: Cash 71½c, September, 70½c, December, 58¼c, May 59½c.

Oats weakened in sympathy with other grains. September opened ¼c off at 38¼c. The market gained ground early in the session.

Closing prices in oats were: Cash 38⅝c, September 38⅞c, December 39c, May 41½c.

Clover seed values were about 5c advanced on the call. Cash opened at $6.65, October at $7.25, December and March at $7.22½. All options excepting cash gained 2½c in the initial half hour.

The uplift in clover seed resulted from covering by shorts. In a short time the movement from the new crop will start. Cash closed 10c up at $6.80, October 5c advanced at $7.40 and December and March 10c higher at $7.32½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 24.	Close Aug. 23
Cash	1.07½	1.07⅝	....	1.07½	1.07⅝
Sept	1.08	1.08¼	....	1.07⅞	1.08
Dec	1.06⅝	1.07⅛	....	1.07⅛	1.07¼
May	1.08¼	....	1.08⅛	1.08½	1.08½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71½	71
Sept	69⅞	....	....	70¼	69¼
Dec	58¼	....	....	58½	57⅝
May	58⅞	....	....	59¼	58⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	38½	38¼
Sept	38½	....	....	38⅝	38½
Dec	38⅝	....	....	39	38⅞
May	41¼	....	....	41½	41½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.65	....	....	6.80	6.70
Oct	7.25	....	....	7.40	7.30
Dec	7.20	....	....	7.32½	7.22½
March	7.20	....	....	7.32½	7.22½
No. 2	....	....	....	6.80	....
No. 3	....	....	....	6.25	....
Rejected	....	....	....	5.85	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	69½	69½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.70	7.70

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	97⅛	98	97	97⅝	98¼
Dec	94	94½	93½	94¼	94⅝
May	97⅛	98¼	97⅛	98	98
Corn—					
Sept	65⅛	66⅜	65⅛	66⅛	65⅞
Dec	55⅞	56⅝	55⅝	56⅜	55⅞
May	57⅛	58	56⅞	57⅛	57
Oats—					
Sept	36⅝	37	....	36⅜	36½
Dec	36⅜	36⅞	....	36⅝	36½
May	39	39½	....	39⅝	39½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07	1.07¼	1.06¼	1.07	1.07¼
Dec	1.02½	....	1.02⅝	1.02½	1.02⅝
Corn—					
Sept	....	....	....	75¼	74⅝
Dec	....	....	....	66⅝	68

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	98	....	96⅜	97¼	98
Dec	95½	....	95⅛	95⅝	95⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	95⅞	96⅜
Dec	....	....	....	89⅝	93⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	96¾	97
Dec	....	....	....	96⅜	94

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	....	....	....	22.40	22.40
Oct	....	....	....	21.05	20.85
Jan	....	....	....	17.65	17.35
Lard—					
Sept	12.00	....	....	12.12	11.97
Oct	11.05	....	....	12.10	11.90
Jan	....	....	....	10.35	10.22
Ribs—					
Sept	11.67	....	....	11.77	11.67
Oct	11.42	....	....	11.50	11.37
Jan	9.15	....	....	9.27	9.15

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 24.—Shipments of hogs were light and the market opened strong to 5c higher on all grades.

Toledo closing quotations:

Selected heavies, $8.25@8.35; mediums, $8.25@8.30; heavy Yorkers, $8.15@8.20; light Yorkers, $8.10@8.15; mixed, $8.00@8.25; bulk of sales, $8.25@8.35; good pigs, $8.00@8.10; common lights, $8.20@7.25; stags and roughs, $4.40@7.15.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $5.00@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1